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Harry Belafonte

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T.R.B. from Washington

The Last Frontier

★ A package came for our absent neighbor the other day and we put it inside the house. The door wasn't locked. Careless? Yes. In Europe unthinkable. It made us recall the American frontier: "The doorlatch is always out." Forty years ago, we guess, most homes went unlocked.

British mansions have walls around them – you can't see in. Rarely in America: the lawns here run into each other down to the maples on the sidewalk. Americans are neighborly and unused to walls – the frontier. Paris shopkeepers slide down their iron grilles at night; in the US the shops show their merchandise all night behind plate glass. No tradition of riot and hatred in the streets here – not till recently, anyway. The frontier – !

Or take the extraordinary US tradition of gun ownership. Absolutely unthinkable in other industrial countries. The frontier tradition, but waning even here: repeated polls show 70 percent want *strict* control, but the National Rifle Association (perhaps the strongest limited lobby in Washington) blocks reform in Congress. How hard it is to change an outworn tradition.

And the frontier is there in more subtle ways; all the talk about free enterprise and private initiative: it goes back to where a man could go into virgin forest with an axe and carve out a home. It's frontiersmanship; part of the American Dream, twisted by conservatives to resist change and make the US the last big nation to get Medicare. Frontiersmen depended on themselves, you know, in a community with latchstrings out, without shutters, without walls, and a gun in their holster!

So now the US is the only industrial country left without a formal system of family allowances. But this won't last long. The innocent nation that could cut up the forest and let the frontier soak up surplus population now finds its poor unfed, its ghettos expanding and the Negroes finally bold enough to demand a share of the pie.

And that, curiously, may be the basic issue left in the 1968 election if Vietnam is removed. Kennedy asks federal job guaranties, McCarthy income guaranties, and Rockefeller, last week, asked $150 billion for cities in 10 years and compulsory health insurance.

But not Nixon. He has the GOP nomination all but cinched, we think. He wowed the American Society of Newspaper Editors here last week with a first rate show of repartee and lively quips. In fact he outclassed Rockefeller. We wrote in this space, March 9, not to underestimate the New Nixon, the pleasant, low-keyed, humorous, self-deprecating Nixon: "He has financial security now," we said, "and is, we think, a stronger man than formerly." A formidable man, in fact. A recent (but rather dubious) Gallup poll has him running ahead of either Kennedy, McCarthy or Humphrey.

Senator Hruska (R, Neb.), termed "the most fearless defender of the strong in Congress," put Nixon's statements in Minneapolis approvingly into the *Record*. Nixon pooh-poohs promises of billions for the slums. Yet very likely that will be what the election is all about: the public sector, or Frontiersmanship? It's fun for liberals right now to be passionately partisan for either Gene, Bobby or Hubert; but to us their differences seem relatively small compared to their prospective GOP opponent. He will lead the Republicans who are more of a social class than a political party. Nixon may win, too, if Democrats are divided. (As to Vietnam, Nixon complained that LBJ wasn't bombing enough; he wanted it "day by day and, for that matter, night by night.")

Where's the Money Coming from?

★ It is reasonable to ask about the cost of these welfare programs. There are two answers. One answer is simply that the US does not tax itself now as much as other countries. Here's a table from the First National City Bank (NY) for April. (It ought to be authoritative.) Of 14 industrial countries, the US ranks 12 in the percentage of total taxes which it levies (city, state and federal) in proportion to national product.

Only recently has the truth of poverty, hunger, illiteracy in the US really stunned us. We haven't been aware of it and haven't been taxing enough or putting enough into the public sector. The second answer is that America's incredible affluence makes everything possible, given a more equable division. Walter Heller in *Harper's* (April) pointed out that a four percent rate of US economic advance "will pour some $9 billion per year of new revenue into the federal tax coffers, automatically, at present tax rates." Ending Vietnam would give us an additional $15 billion the first year.

No reason to despair, therefore; actually the US is doing pretty well in breaking away from the myth of Frontiersmanship into the modern world of social responsibility. In 1960 by government definition 35 million lived "in poverty" (income of $3,000 or below for family of four). Today it's down to 26 million. We could end poverty now (by present definition) at a cost of $10 to $11 billion a year, HEW Secretary Wilbur J. Cohen says. We could raise one million people above the poverty level just by hiking minimum monthly Social Security benefits to $70 for individuals (now $55), and $105 for a couple (now $82.50). Mr. Cohen has little doubt that when the total of poor is reduced to, say, 15 million (allowing for new definitions and inflation) the nation will be ready to step in and end it by some blanket plan. But will the 1968 election push that date forward, or back?

★ *Notes:* Tom Wicker's piece in *The Atlantic* is a damning account of how LBJ took us over "The Wrong Rubicon" in Vietnam. . . . Richard Harris in 100 pages in *The New Yorker* (April 20) gives the definitive and disgusting story of how the National Rifle Association blocks gun controls. . . . Neal Peirce (*The People's President*, Simon & Schuster) studiously spells out the Electoral College trap. . . . Stewart Alsop ("The Center," Harper) gives a readable survey of Washington.

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Just Nix on Action

What Nixon needs, and his fellow New Yorker John Lindsay has, is the kind of common sense shown by the late Ben Fairless of US Steel, when he said to some South African businessmen: "You've got a good thing going here, do you want it to blow up in your faces?" Nixon doesn't *want* it to "blow up," but he doesn't think there's much that can be done to stop it, at least not this year. Mayor Lindsay, on the other hand, is confident there *can* be law and order (and justice too) if we're willing to put our minds and money on getting it. Lindsay now stands out as his party's most sensible spokesman for disaster prevention. But what he (and all three Democratic presidential candidates) are talking about would cost a great deal, requiring a substantial down payment, in dollars and more than dollars. He calls for a full confession of white complicity in keeping blacks down, a willingness to share more power with the poor, especially the black poor, and taxes spent to make the cities habitable.

But adding to the tax burdens of the affluent – so that the burdens of the country can be lightened – seems somehow immoral to Mr. Nixon. Promises of a promised land are "dishonest and a cruel delusion"; the Vietnam war has first claim on our purse; we must not forget ("whether it costs the election or not") that we are in "one of the greatest financial crises in our history," a crisis that forbids "promising more and more billions" just to buy the allegiance of the discontented. The poor must be patient, wait for the war to end, and then we shall see what can be done for them. The poor, of course, do not see it in quite this way. They see about them every day the evidences of wealth. They need no statistics on how much our Gross National Product goes up each year to convince them of our ability to underwrite slum clearance or school construction or jobs. A walk around town or a half-hour before the TV screen says more to them about what the nation can afford than any statement on how many billions of additional dollars would accrue from even a modest 10 percent tax increase. They are not bothered about balanced budgets; they have no budget to balance.

Mr. Lindsay understands. He is impatient. He came to Washington last week and acted as if the riot commission's study was not something to be commended and filed, but a set of marching orders. Whereas Mr. Nixon thinks the Administration's proposals are too extravagant and should be cut by about $8 billion, Mr. Lindsay says they're too stingy. "In general," Lindsay told the congressional dele-

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gation from New York, "the Administration requests funds for 100,000 new jobs this year, compared with 550,000 proposed by the commission; 300,000 housing units this year compared to 600,000 recommended by the commission; none of the basic requirements of our welfare system recommended by the commission; and limited funding of existing elementary and secondary education programs, compared to the substantially increased authorization suggested by [us]."

Nothing can be done fast enough, which is why speed is essential. Rebuilding the burned out areas of the riot-struck cities with something more sightly, more useful, more under the control of people who live in these ruined neighborhoods, is the first task. But along with that essentially local effort goes the longer-range federal investments in work, homes, education, transportation, health care and recreation. The returns on this investment will not come soon, but the demonstration of a genuine, national commitment can itself do a great deal to restore confidence and hope among the poor. The Administration's 1968 remedies for our social neglect are "token." But a token is at least a sign of concern.

The 90th Congress has spent a good deal of its time deadlocked over appropriations, while agency funds lapsed and many poverty programs went out of business. A week after Martin Luther King's death, not a single piece of major legislation to aid ghetto dwellers had been passed. Open housing? As Dr. King's successor, the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy put it, "New York has had this type of bill for 10 years and we still have the ghetto." With the summer fast approaching, about the only congressional action – if any – that can lower the violence level in the short run is money to keep people off the street and productive. With this in mind, the Senate tacked onto the Administration's "urgent" fiscal 1968 appropriations bill $75 million to provide summer work for an estimated 170,000 unemployed youths. The Senate also added $25 million to allow an additional 13,000 children to participate in the poverty program's Head Start project. But only hours before King's assassination, the House adopted a conference report deleting these items.

The Administration has asked for (and not yet got) $2.18 billion for antipoverty programs, $1 billion for model cities, $65 million for rent supplements, $20 million to help exterminate rats that infest the slums, $452 million for Manpower Development and Training Act programs, $230 million for urban research and $1.4 billion for urban renewal (dubbed "Negro removal" by many). None of these funds has yet been reported by the House Appropriations Committee; and if there's a repeat of last year, funding will not be anywhere near the requested level. (As large parts of Newark and Detroit lay in ruin, Congress cut $287 million from the antipoverty program, provided less than half the model cities request, only one-fourth the rent supplement budget.)

Pending also is the Administration's request, about to reach the Senate floor, for some six million housing units for low and moderate income families over the next decade. Its cornerstone is the proposed Housing and Urban Development Act, authorizing construction and rehabilitation of 2.3 million units in the next five years, requiring $2.3 billion in funds over the same period. If that Act is approved, 300,000 housing units could be started in fiscal 1969 (half the number recommended by the riot commission). But again, veteran Congress watchers are predicting that the price tag will be lowered, by trimming the number of years covered by the program.

Congress has done one thing. It has speeded up action to insure private insurance companies against the risk of disorders. When riots erupted on Chicago's West Side following Dr. King's murder, insurance companies reportedly served notice on Mayor Daley that they were pulling out of the area, for reasons Mr. Nixon would understand; they couldn't afford to stay. In Washington, D. C., some insurance firms are delaying paying damage claims (because their lawyers say if the riots can be called an insurrection, policies are invalid) and are hiking their rates by 20 percent. (Business as usual: Washington's wrecking companies aren't clearing up the rubble, because they don't know who is going to pay for it. One company has refused 50 offered jobs, another has accepted three out of 100.)

The Administration hopes to put 100,000 of the half million hard-core unemployed to work by June of next year, primarily through a 25 percent increase in manpower appropriations and the funding of a joint government-industry effort to train the untrained. Meanwhile, hearings have been held on two more ambitious manpower bills. One, sponsored by Joseph S. Clark and other Democrats would give 2.4 million low-income, unemployed persons job training and employment in the public or private sectors. About 450,000 would participate in the first year. The Clark bill carries no specific money authorization, but its estimated cost is more than $10.3 billion over four years.

No action has been taken on recommendations, such as that of Rep. James O'Hara (D, Mich.) who would provide one million jobs at an annual cost of $4 billion, with federal grants being made to government agencies at all levels and to private nonprofit groups to support the creation of these new jobs. Another unreported bill, by Senator Robert Kennedy, offers a 10 percent tax credit to companies locating in urban slum areas.

Some of this is token, none of it gives a map to the promised land, but its not Nix either.

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Let 'em Eat Cake

"Hunger and malnutrition exist in this country, affecting millions of our fellow Americans and increasing in severity and extent from year to year. [They] take their toll . . . in the form of infant deaths, organic brain damage, retarded growth and learning rates, increased vulnerability to disease, withdrawal, apathy, alienation, frustration and violence."

So says a report released last week by the Citizens Board of Inquiry Into Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States, a body of distinguished doctors, nutritionists, foundation executives, lawyers and other figures of national repute. The conditions they describe are found in all major cities, in migrant camps, on Indian reservations – wherever there's poverty.

There emerges from the report an indictment of the Department of Agriculture, which administers all major food programs for the poor, and the agriculture committees of Congress, which in turn control the department. For instance:

► On July 12, 1967, Secretary Freeman told a Senate subcommittee he was doing all that he could to feed the hungry in Mississippi. Twelve days earlier, he had returned to the Treasury $200 million authorized for feeding the hungry.

► Because of the failure of the cotton crop and an unusually severe winter, Secretary Freeman declared an emergency from "natural disaster" in order to give federal loans to plantation owners in 50 counties in Alabama, while declining to declare an emergency to feed the hungry who worked that land.

► In the district of Congressman William Poage, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, $224,000 is spent in food programs for 144,000 impoverished persons, over one-third of his district's population. In contrast, $5.3 million in subsidies is paid annually to 400 landowners.

► While approving, without hesitation, a $6.75 million market news service to enable farmers to determine when, where, and at what price to sell their product, Congressman Jamie Whitten, chairman of the House agricultural appropriations subcommittee, objected to a $2 million pilot program for school breakfasts to poor and hungry children, questioning "whether the federal government should start doing everything for the citizens."

Federal food programs, the Board of Inquiry's study points out, reach only 18 percent of the poor. The commodities given free by the Department of Agriculture do not provide the quantity or variety of nutrients needed for sustenance under the department's own standards. Food stamps that are supposed to multiply the purchasing power of the poorest of the poor cost more than many of them can pay.

At most, one-third of six million poor children attending public schools benefit from school lunch programs. Despite express provision in the legislation that they shall "be served without cost or at a reduced cost," a majority of poor children must pay the full price for school lunch or go without.

The costs of such neglect are not merely "tired blood" and mild hunger pains. They must be counted in the infants who survive the perils of birth but never reach their first birthday because of malnutrition, or the mothers who die from complications in childbirth directly traceable to malnutrition. Brain damage caused by early protein deficiency can never be repaired.

In addition to the Board of Inquiry's demand for emergency measures in 256 "hunger counties," two fundamental recommendations deserve emphasis: adequate food purchasing power for all, preferably through a free and expanded food program geared automatically to income and family size; and the removal of food programs from control by the Department of Agriculture and the agricultural committees of Congress.

Tail Gunner

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Who Cares About Rebuilding the City?

Detroit

"Chicken Little was right," a newsman said, after this city was hit last summer by the most costly Negro riot in American history, "the sky is falling." So what happened then? Well, the New Detroit Committee, set up by Governor Romney and Mayor Cavanagh, seemed to want to give some dignity to Detroit's 660,000 Negroes. Headed by millionaire department store president Joseph L. Hudson Jr, the New Detroit Committee had on it top business leaders as well as a black and white cross-section of the community. Among the 39 panelists: Henry Ford II of Ford Motor Company, James J. Roche of General Motors, and Lynn Townsend of Chrysler; Walter P. Reuther of the United Auto Workers, two college presidents and William Gossett, president of the American Bar Association. It also had three Negro militants.

Initially, the committee put its prestige behind three items: passage of a statewide open housing law, a $5.3 million state appropriation for Detroit's largely Negro schools, and an intensive study of the police department. None came through, though now, in the wake of the King murder and with Romney back to work in Michigan, open housing may pass – and will do nothing for Negroes locked in by poverty.

The Archdiocese of Detroit plans to send 60 priests into the highly anti-Negro parishes to preach against racism; a $600,000 New Detroit Summer to aid Negro youths holds some promise. Nevertheless, New Detroit itself, in an April report, admits: "The community is far from having been rebuilt, physically or socially. If anything, the conflict is in a more advanced state than it was in late July 1967."

To its credit, Detroit industry, spurred by NDC, has lined up 56,000 jobs for the unemployed. Less than 23,000 of these are new jobs, however, and an optimistic guess is that only 12,000 of these will be filled by the hard-core unemployed. Unemployment here stands at 3.7 percent – same as last year at this time; but Negro unemployment is estimated at nine or 10 percent. Among young Negro adults it runs as high as 20 percent. A $5.5 million rebuilding plan was approved for riot-damaged 12th Street, but construction will not begin for six months, if then. Rubble has been cleared, but scores of businesses have not reopened; many that have carry on behind solid walls of cement blocks. The $6.5 million school aid package passed by the legislature won't be nearly enough. According to the NDC, 60 percent of Detroit's 294,000 schoolchildren are "educationally disadvantaged"; the figure for the 171,000 Negro students is 85 percent. The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, bolstered by a new $6 million federal grant, now reaches only 31 percent of the eligible children; the Adult Basic Education Act touches a miniscule two percent. Cutbacks in federal spending will force a drastic reduction in the schools' summer programs, in which only 106,000 were enrolled last year.

In the suburbs, gun sales are at an all-time high, as are white fears of black invasions. Two communities are conducting gun clinics. Self-defense and riot-survival handbills are being circulated. A right-wing Detroit organization, Breakthrough, has markedly increased its support, mustering more than 200 protesters at a speech King made in suburban Grosse Pointe a month before he was gunned down. The warnings of the Kerner report have gone virtually unnoticed. The police department, however, has received a $750,000 anti-riot appropriation for shotguns, scoped rifles and gas. Some $25,000 has been earmarked for purchase of 50 Stoner rifles, new rapid-firing weapons that utilize the same .223 cartridge as the M16 in Vietnam, and which can tear off an arm or leg. The sale was blocked, although not permanently, only by the outcry of civil rights organizations. The department is organizing a thousand-member civilian reserve force, which Negroes have dubbed the brown shirts. Stop-and-frisk, although judged illegal by both the city corporation counsel and the state attorney general, has been approved in three suburban communities, and is being considered in Detroit. NDC has called for a community college, but has little chance of getting one.

Mayor Cavanagh shows little zest for rebuilding. The city is $16.9 million in debt. Cavanagh has a conservative common council and state legislature, and Romney has been mostly content to mouth pieties. The building trades have promised to end their traditional laxness in opening apprenticeships to Negroes, but observers consider their pledges a sham. Moreover, since November, rumor-ridden Detroit has been without both its major dailies, the *Detroit News* and *Detroit Free Press*. Appeals by Cavanagh during the tumult of the King murder to resume publishing as a community service went unheeded.

Colonel Frederick Davids, head of the Michigan State Police, speaking after Chicago Mayor Richard Daley called for maximum force against rioters, endorsed "fatal force" against arsonists in Michigan and warned looters that they faced bullets.

Detroit has shown that nothing short of massive federal funds for urban reconstruction – the $30 billion or so a year that people like Bayard Rustin have talked about – can save our cities. For if Detroit, with its talent and vast resources, cannot do it, and it ap-

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parently cannot, no city can. The hands-off attitude of the state legislature over the years borders on the criminal. The city needs scores of vest pocket parks and portable playgrounds. None of the dozens of sites that were burned out in the riot and then cleared have been planted with grass or provided minimal and inexpensive play facilities: swings, teetertotters, basketball hoops. Police salary schedules have not been revised so as to attract college-level officer corps. Garbage pickups are still based on old population densities; white areas do much better. On the sun-baked ghetto streets, there are no trees. Community organizations have not been given their heads. For all the concern of some firms, like Ford Motor Company, to relax hiring regulations, the idea that large business is becoming meaningfully involved in reconstruction is a myth. And small businesses care nothing for communities from which they profit.

Through the years, Detroit has received more than $300 billion in federal funds, and with what results? The war on poverty, which has spent more than $48 million, is a failure, unimaginatively conceived, poorly administered. A Detroit newsman who has spent the last seven months probing the poverty war, reports that the $48 million could just as well have been dumped into the Detroit River, and that the campaign – third largest, behind New York and Chicago – has touched no more than two percent of the city's 300,000 to 400,000 poor.

For urban renewal, Detroit has received more than $40 million. The result – the razing of thousands of dwellings, and their replacement with a few hundred units, most of them high-cost high-rises. The last public housing in Detroit was constructed in 1955, and as many as 100,000 living units in the city are substandard. Nor are the planners thinking in terms of small projects; their minds are on only massive complexes, like Detroit's 2,165-unit Jeffries Project, nothing more than high-rise rabbit hutches. New projects are stopped or cut back by the Vietnam war. Robert Knox, Detroit's housing director, says that nationwide, $2 billion in projects have been blocked, with the figure to hit $2.5 billion this summer.

Cumbersome building codes have yet to be streamlined. Dozens more inspectors are needed, as well as a summary court to force immediate compliance with the laws and dole out heavy fines and jail terms to slumlords whose profits now dwarf their insignificant fines. Real estate agents could (don't) become prime forces in opening middle-class and upper-class white neighborhoods to Negroes. They wouldn't miss a dime in profits. In the schools, the $6.6 million Great Cities projects and the $773,862 Head Start projects ought to be drastically expanded. Detroit sorely needs a new inner-city hospital, and the welfare system must be streamlined, its payments increased, an end put to regulations that force a decrease in payments in accordance with money that recipients earn. According to NDC, only 19 percent of Detroit's poor benefit from federally-funded welfare. What welfare is doing, says the NDC report, is "serving to maintain the poorest groups in society in a permanent condition of poverty."

In the rioting that swept the country after Dr. King's assassination Detroit remained relatively calm: two deaths and minor vandalism. But that calm took another garrisoning of the city by police and National Guardsmen, plus calls for restraint from black militant leaders, who know that in rioting, Negroes, not whites, are the ones who get killed.

The $30 billion – or whatever is needed to save our cities – would be cheap when contrasted to the $75 billion defense budget, the $875 billion gross national product, the $17.4 billion the nation spends on liquor and tobacco each year. At the nub of the problem is that too few care. Detroit, whose automobiles changed the face of the world, is not changing itself. This is its tragedy, and even more seriously, the nation's.

WILLIAM SERRIN

Talk with Humphrey

The Dogged Loyalty That Dogs HHH

"It's nice, it's pleasing," Vice President Hubert Humphrey said on April 16. For a man who has spent most of the past three years asking people to do things for another man, it was nice and pleasing to have people asking him to let them help him become the next President of the United States. The remark was one of two in an hour's conversation that the Vice President put on the record for quotation. He said very little that he had not already said in public. But the second remark bears upon his prospects and difficulties as a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

"No Vice President can be a free spirit," Humphrey said. "If you want to be a free spirit, be a poet. But a man can be the Vice President and never lose his soul and his spirit, and I feel that that is what has happened to me. If I had it to do all over again, I'd make the same decision I made in 1964. I wanted to be the Vice President and I'm glad I was [*sic*] the Vice

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President. It's been a great experience and it's given me an understanding of the Presidency that only a Vice President can get."

Between now and the Democratic convention in August, the country will be hearing more from Humphrey and his supporters to the effect that the Vice Presidency is an important office with important responsibilities. In order to be a convincing candidate, Hubert Humphey will have to manage what amounts to a resurrection after his years in the shrouding shadow of Lyndon Johnson. Humphrey the candidate will have to undo what the press has helped him do to himself with the show of abject humility which began during the weeks in 1964, when Johnson publicly toyed with him and teased him and capped the spectacle by stealing his hour of nomination glory at the Atlantic City convention. He will have to erase the image of the lackey, the willing slavey, which he has fashioned for himself with such remarks as "I'm Lyndon Johnson's Eleanor Roosevelt" (1966) and his famous prescription for the office in 1965: "A Vice President will be and is what the President wants him to be, and above all, a Vice President must be loyal. He must have a quality of fidelity, a willingness literally to give himself, to be what the President wants him to be, a loyal, faithful friend and servant." The writer of a letter to *Time* called this "a very good description of a dog – man's best friend," and the stereotype of "poor Hubert," wagging along and never tugging at the master's leash, haunts Humphrey still.

Or does it? Humphrey in person is a little more subdued, a little more cautious, a little less wordy, than he used to be. But he does not seem haunted, except when an interviewer asks whether the old bruises and humiliations make a problem for him now. The roundabout answer is *no*, but there is a flicker of pain in his eyes. Fred Harris, the freshman senator from Oklahoma who is co-founder and co-chairman (with freshman Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota) of the campaign front called United Democrats for Humphrey, says that the sort of thing I have just written is out-dated bosh, and he may have a point. If there is a problem of that kind, Harris says, it can and will be easily solved. "Hubert Humphrey obviously is a separate and distinctive personality, a vibrant and exuberant and vital personality. It's just a matter of exposure. All we have to do is put him out there."

Humphrey, who has been "out there" all along, understands that the problems of a Johnson Vice President going for the nomination and the office now renounced by Johnson are real enough. A fortnight after the President bowed out, Humphrey thought it necessary to give the restive enthusiasts on his staff a mild lecture. It ran about as follows: "Now this staff is the Vice President's staff. I have not said that I am a candidate" – an omission that he by then intended to correct – "and even if I do, I want you to conduct yourselves as members of the Vice President's staff. I have to remember my responsibility as the Vice President, and I feel that responsibility. I am still the Vice President and I am still *his* Vice President, and my first responsibility is to that office and to him."

Does President Johnson feel that he has a responsibility to Humphrey the candidate and, if so, how does the President plan to meet it? When a reporter broached the question on April 10, the President cut him off with a cold "I would not go into that at all." He has told his own assistants that he is out of the campaign and means to stay out and expects them to stay out of it. His Cabinet is free to do what it likes (Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz and Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman have declared for Humphrey; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has said he's neutral). A story told around the White House is in two parts, and the parts contradict each other somewhat. On the day when the President received Senator Robert Kennedy, who had not improved his reputation for good manners by inviting himself, and then received Humphrey, Mr. Johnson is said to have told Kennedy that he must know, and if he didn't he knew now, that Humphrey and nobody else was the President's candidate for the renounced nomination. The same account has it that the President then told Humphrey that whether he chose to run was strictly up to him and a matter of some indifference to Mr. Johnson. If true, this can be taken as another sample of Johnsonian brutality. But it also could be, and could have been intended to be, the biggest favor the President can do the Vice President at this point. Some of Humphrey's leading supporters profess to interpret and welcome it as just that. They say they ask only that the President pursue peace in Vietnam and racial peace in the United States with credible zeal and leave the Vice President as free as he can be in the circumstances to reestablish himself nationally as a viable figure and a presidential candidate.

The Vietnam war and the concept of world responsibility from which it grew are crucial to Humphrey. His immediate Vietnam problem is starkly defined by his associates. If the Administration moves effectively toward a settlement, Humphrey is in. If the fumbling and bumbling of the past weeks persist, and the public blames Washington rather than Hanoi for a failure of the peace effort, Humphrey is finished.

Humphrey's record of support for the war is too complete and too familiar to be evaded, and he is no man to evade either it or his conviction that the United States has an inescapable responsibility to "protect world security" with its power. He based his first

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campaign for the Senate, in Minnesota in 1950, partly on the proposition that the United States should "go on the political and economic offensive throughout the world." In October of last year, when the Vietnam involvement was a growing political liability, he affirmed his position and his personal dedication to the official position in two sentences: "I support the President and I support the course he is following because I, too, believe it is right. And no amount of popularity gained is worth the abandonment of conscience."

How be faithful to "conscience" and, in this season of public distaste for the war, sustain his hopes? He and his advisers – a vaguely identified and shifting lot, consisting principally of Hubert Humphrey – see the answer in emphasizing what he has begun to call "the way of the future" and eliding the past, except insofar as the past includes his solid record on civil rights, urban and social reform, steps toward nuclear control and disarmament. The evolution of a speech that Humphrey made in New York on April 22 illustrates the chosen tactics and the difficulties in the way of making them work.

His staff described the speech in advance as a definitive restatement of his views on foreign affairs. Humphrey pondered and revised the text prepared for him over the weekend preceding its delivery. As released with his initial revisions, it achieved the remarkable feat of discussing United States policy toward Southeast Asia and China without a single mention of Vietnam. The emphasis was on future "peace in Asia," "building bridges" toward Communist China, all of Southeast Asia in peaceful partnership with the United States. It credited "thoughtful and patriotic men" – Senators Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, without naming them – with raising "a useful discussion" of the past and present exercise of United States power in the world. The speech as edited by Humphrey defended that exercise, and gently taxed his critical rivals with tending to deny the "positive uses" of American power. But its thrust was away from contention, and definitely away from Vietnam. Humphrey concluded by the time he spoke that he could not get away with it; perhaps he did not want to get away with it. He threw a mention of Vietnam, and of the Korean war for good measure, into the originally bare assertion that "we have not shrunk from the bitter necessity to repel armed aggression." He beefed up and reiterated the single, meek observation in the draft that "we need not apologize" for the past and present use of "national power of all kinds." He wound up, then, with what his writers had understood he did not quite intend – with what the news reports accurately called "a sweeping defense of Administration policy." Too much can be read into such episodes, of course. But this one demonstrates that Humphrey, however much he may try to find victory in "the future," cannot escape either the recent past or the present that Lyndon Johnson, not Hubert Humphrey, will dominate and shape between now and the days of decision in August and November. Lyndon Johnson will dominate and shape Humphrey's present, that is, unless Johnson completes the act of renunciation that he began on March 31 and confronts the August convention with the choice of either nominating or rejecting President Hubert Humphrey.

JOHN OSBORNE

What Can We Offer the Viet Cong?

by Zalin Grant

South Vietnam

Marine General Jacob Glick and I scuttled into a sandbagged bunker at Khesanh. The harsh whistle of an incoming enemy artillery round ended in a crackling explosion. In the distance, a cry: "Corpsman! Corpsman!" Then a box-shaped Marine ambulance could be heard churning through the hot, red dust to pick up another load of dead and wounded.

At Charlie Med, Khesanh's bunkered aid station, doctors, helmeted and stripped to the waist in the stifling heat, worked quickly to prepare the wounded for helicopter evacuation to the hospital at Dong Ha, 25 minutes away. The bluish-white light of bare bulbs glinted off quart bottles of intravenous fluid strung from telephone wire across the bunker's beamed ceiling. "I'm going to die," moaned a Marine with a jagged piece of shrapnel in his chest. A doctor worked on him with the aid of a flashlight held by a young medical corpsman. "I'm going to die." The doctor quietly replied: "No, you're not."

In our bunker a few yards from Charlie Med, General Glick continued to brief me, rotely as if reading from a Marine manual, pausing for nearby explosions that followed the deadly whistle of incoming rounds of rockets and artillery. "The purpose of Khesanh is

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to give us position in the northwestern portion of South Vietnam in order to strike at the enemy and observe what he is doing – that has been our mission all along."

The much-publicized 76-day siege had been broken for two weeks when I talked with the general. Marine units were out searching for the enemy, who fled the ridges surrounding Khesanh after giant B-52's and other bombers turned the once verdant mountain slopes into a powdery wasteland. Hill 881 and Lang Vei Special Forces Camp, lost during the siege at a bloody cost, had been retaken and a 60-truck convoy had resupplied Khesanh from Dong Ha via dusty Route 9 for the first time since September. But enemy artillery and rockets, after a three-week lull, had begun to fall once again, now from dug-in enemy positions a few miles to the southwest in Laos.

After 76 bitter days and the loss of 204 Americans killed and 1,500 wounded, Khesanh returned to its precarious pre-siege role as a launching base for operations against North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam. (The South Vietnamese, who never considered Khesanh a good idea, have withdrawn their troops from the base.) A gritty Marine sergeant, standing near a sign reading "Home Is Where You Dig It," told me: "We didn't get the shit pounded out of us just to leave this goddam place."

Was Khesanh a victory? No one here calls it that, from the Marine high command down to the sweat-stained lance corporals burrowed in the red clay. No, it was just another standoff – another source of intense frustration that lends little dignity to the death of the young men who fought there.

From Khesanh in the North to the canal-laced delta in the South, the war struggles on through its agonizing paces. Operation Complete Victory, billed as the biggest offensive of the war, involving 100,000 allied troops, recently kicked off in the 11 provinces surrounding Saigon. The operation, announced a Saigon information officer in starch-slick green fatigues, was "oriented to the elimination of enemy forces." So far, 215 enemy have been killed.

Since the bombing pause began, the enemy has continued infiltrating supplies and men into Vietnam, via the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos – parts of which have been paved – and now, increasingly, down the Mekong River through Cambodia. Peasants throughout the countryside have been armed with new AK-47 automatic Chinese assault rifles, frequently with little instruction on how to use the weapons. At a rubber plantation north of Saigon, a group of peasants recently gathered for a meeting, AK-47's slung casually over their shoulders. "Who gave you the weapons?" the French plantation manager asked the friendly peasants. "Oh, *Ong Bac* gave them to us," they replied. *Ong Bac* (literally mister uncle) is the peasant's respectful name for the Viet Cong.

Only the frantic activity of Vietnamese politicians indicates that the war has moved into a new phase since President Johnson's peace moves. "For the first time," one of Vietnam's highest officials told me when I returned to Saigon from Khesanh, "the government is thinking seriously about the possibility of an American pullout." As a result, South Vietnam's government – in what may be a last-gasp effort – is working hard to pull itself together, preparing for the time when it may have to fight this war alone.

In the three months since the Tet offensive, President Nguyen Van Thieu has pushed for an impressive list of reforms and called for national austerity. He has fired 18 out of 44 province chiefs (who correspond roughly to US governors) for corruption and inefficiency, and replaced two out of the country's four military corps commanders. Several weeks ago, an 11-man firing squad hustled a young Vietnamese sub-lieutenant convicted of corruption into Saigon's morning sun and shot him – the first execution in the military for corruption.

The government also ordered bars, cabarets, night clubs and dance halls closed for the duration of the war. A few days ago, 4,900 dancers, singers, B-girls and prostitutes belonging to the Saigon-Gia Dinh Hotel and Dance Hall Workers Union angrily asked that the night spots be reopened. The government refused, suggested that the girls join the Army and entertain the troops. Many have found ways to beat the government shut-down, of course. Back-door speakeasies have sprung up in Saigon, and many bars have evaded the restriction simply by serving food along with girls, qualifying as restaurants.

Most importantly, President Thieu called for a general mobilization of South Vietnam's resources. The mobilization bill, which was sent to the National Assembly for passage several weeks ago, will add almost 160,000 men to South Vietnam's armed forces, extend the draft age from 18 to 45, and institute wide-ranging economic controls. A crackdown on draft evaders and the fear stirred by the mobilization bill has shot up the bribe price for avoiding the draft to $840 – an expense only the wealthy can afford now – though six-month deferments can still be illegally bought for 10,000 piastres (about $87).

Gen. Tran Van Don, a former defense minister and now a member of the Senate and head of the National Salvation Front – which was formed at US urging after the Tet offensive in hopes of uniting Vietnam's fragmented nationalist groups – was quoted in a recent issue of the government-censored *Saigon Daily News* as being opposed to general mobilization. According

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to the report, he explained that mobilization "would result in crippling the economy, turning society topsy-turvy and disrupting the normal life of individuals and the state." Don's worries notwithstanding, key National Assembly members predict the bill will be passed in some form by the end of May. The US mission, however, is skeptical whether South Vietnam can implement the bill and doubts that the effect of mobilization would be evident before the end of the year.

After all the showy false steps taken by South Vietnam in the past, it is difficult to measure the progress of the last three months. Even if significant progress has been made, many believe that it comes too late.

"It's useless," despairs Ton That Thien, a leading anti-government intellectual. "There is still no emotional link between the government and the people – and that is the first requirement for unity." A close adviser to President Thieu says: "If the country does not unite, we will lose the war in a matter of months."

For all Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's efforts to push the South Vietnam government forward, Vietnamese officials have become increasingly disenchanted with US involvement here. Anti-Americanism – Vietnam government officials prefer to call it "uneasiness" – bubbles up from every segment of society. Though the US has brought television and ice cream to the war zone, it has clearly been unable to adapt itself suitably to fighting this kind of war. Dang Duc Khoi, an intelligent and responsible government official, reflects the feelings of many high-ranking Vietnamese when he says: "The US has done the best it could – only the best wasn't good enough."

Paradoxically, South Vietnam's new resolve could prove a difficulty to the US when negotiations with Hanoi begin. There is a feeling here that the US may try to negotiate its way out of the war at the expense of South Vietnam, as the French did at Geneva in 1954. South Vietnamese officials are determined that will not happen.

There are three major areas of concessions South Vietnam obviously must be prepared to discuss at the negotiating table: (1) A coalition government with the Viet Cong; (2) redrawing boundaries between North and South Vietnam; (3) recognition of the National Liberation Front and the political participation of the Viet Cong in government affairs.

I had barely seated myself in the spacious office of Foreign Minister Tran Van Do when the courtly old diplomat announced. "We will never accept a coalition government under any circumstances." Unfortunately, it is unlikely South Vietnam will reconsider the idea of a coalition government, unless North Vietnam wins a decisive victory in the South.

At this pre-negotiation stage, South Vietnam leaders also strongly insist they will never give up a foot of South Vietnamese territory to North Vietnam. Only on the third point, the question of recognition of the National Liberation Front, has South Vietnam begun to relax its position.

President Johnson's March 31 speech and his decision not to run again made South Vietnam's government face the bleak realities of this war – something the last two years of increasingly brittle warnings by US officials here had been unable to do. To North Vietnam, which like South Vietnam considers it was sold out at the negotiating table in 1954 (by China and Russia), the concessions South Vietnam is working on now may prove totally inadequate. Nonetheless, a certain progress is being made, which could lead to a further loosening of South Vietnam's position. Top government leaders, who just a few months ago adamantly opposed any kind of recognition of the NLF, now say that concessions might be made to the NLF, preferably through third parties acceptable to both sides, and at a local level in Vietnam instead of at an international conference. The government, at this point, is having serious discussions about what role it would grant NLF members in the event of a settlement.

One official on the forward edge of government thinking told me flatly that the Viet Cong would not only be given instant participation in political affairs in South Vietnam, but they would be allowed to form political parties and nominate candidates for political office. This is a popular US answer to how the war could be resolved, called the "Greek solution" because communists in Greece's civil war in 1944 were allowed to lay down their arms and form political parties.

Foreign Minister Tran Van Do cautiously says the problem must be given more consideration. "The question is what we can offer the Viet Cong," he says. "Would they be able to run for president or vice president or what?"

South Vietnam's constitution outlaws communism, and high-level government thought about Viet Cong participation has evolved to the point now that the Viet Cong would be allowed to form nationalist political parties but could run candidates for political offices only as high as the National Assembly (Congress). Then if communists-turned-nationalists could muster enough seats in the National Assembly, they could amend the constitution and legalize communism. Afterward, a communist president of South Vietnam could possibly be elected.

"We are very worried," says Do, "that the Viet Cong will be able to take over the country by political means."

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Poppa Meany

Reuther May Yet Break Loose

by William L. Abbott

Almost overlooked in the excitement of the presidential primaries is the Meany-Reuther contest. The big difference is that Walter Reuther has not yet broken openly with *his* leadership (read Meany), as McCarthy did with his when he entered New Hampshire. The break in labor may be near, however. The UAW Executive Board had told the AFL-CIO that unless it called a special convention to act upon UAW-proposed reforms, "the UAW will have no acceptable alternative but to disaffiliate from the AFL-CIO." That, replied the AFL-CIO, is an "ultimatum"; the UAW could have its convention if it accepted "the democratically arrived-at decisions of such a convention." But since the AFL-CIO is controlled by George Meany, Reuther rejected the offer, saying it violates the "spirit and concept of a voluntary association."

This leaves Reuther hanging in mid-air. As former head of the CIO he seemed the heir apparent to George Meany. But Meany declined to retire, and as the years went by, the anti-Reuther forces gained strength within the federation. Even former CIO union leaders on the AFL-CIO Executive Council voted with Meany on the special convention issue. Reuther is still a symbol of "youth" inside an institution whose top leadership is in its seventies, but he is 61. Like Robert Kennedy, he may decide he can't afford to wait much longer to make his bid.

But if the labor movement is going to be revitalized as Reuther wants, it must come about through an open challenge, with the challenger appealing to grass-roots leadership. Since roughly 90 percent of the labor press is controlled by establishment chiefs and the central labor bodies are generally in the hands of the building trades, the challenger must appeal to unionists who are outside the institutional structure. The parallel with Sen. McCarthy is again apt: Reuther is criticized by AFL-CIO partisans for "splitting the movement." His lieutenants reply, "What Movement?" Labor's house is divided.

There is increasing black militancy all along the line for civil rights in jobs and in union posts. There are the unreconstructed local CIO leaders who are frustrated by the conservative unions' domination of central labor bodies. The split has already occurred in New Jersey where there is a separate CIO. White collar workers are demanding more attention. For the past three years, rank-and-file union members have been increasingly rejecting contracts negotiated by their leaders. The sit-down strike has come back in vogue; the wildcat strike is becoming more popular, although both are illegal. I can personally testify that when a union official tells a restive rank and file they can be fired for their indiscretions he is often met with loud catcalls.

The membership is becoming younger; the leadership older; those under 40 now constitute one-half the national union membership. With over 50 percent of the population 25 years of age or younger, the nature of the work force is changing.

The power base in any of the international unions affiliated to the AFL-CIO is the big local union. It has the votes the international officers must court to stay elected. The officers of the big local wear a white collar, they are called community leaders, they are on a first-name basis with top management. Quite naturally they are reluctant to give up their power. If they lose, it is usually to a faction of their own age group. They reward their friends by giving them patronage positions or special trips, they punish their enemies by removing them from committees and depriving them of patronage.

Young men and women are ritualistically denounced by the aging leaders for not being "active." "Active" is coming to a meeting to hear the leaders give them the message. The union has little meaning to the new member. The psychology of the leader is job-centered, the psychology of the younger members is more community-centered. A Kraft poll taken for the AFL-CIO showed that nearly 75 percent of all union members under 40 live in the suburbs; their interests are in the suburban community. Wages most interested only ten percent of those under thirty. The number dropped further among older members, who care more about fringe benefits like pensions and hospital insurance.

The chiefs of the international unions, and therefore the AFL-CIO, usually come from the large locals. If they are put on the staff as organizers they often have to divest themselves, if they can, of their

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prejudices against all manner of people. One training session of staff organizers who were being asked to organize white collar workers brought out intense feelings of blue collar disdain for the very workers they were supposed to be organizing. Some union leaders who were studying legislation in Washington recently, protested the draft solely because it "permitted those cowards of students to be draft dodgers." The antipathy between the old boys and college students becomes more bitter each year. At one San Francisco convention of a craft union, there was a hand-wringing discussion of how to put a stop to those "immoral student demonstrations at Berkeley." Even a Wisconsin president of a large UAW local thought University of Wisconsin students got what they deserved when the Madison police cracked skulls during a protest against campus recruiting by Dow Chemical. He was, however, outraged over "police brutality" in his own home town when police manhandled him on a picket line. When I asked him what the difference was, he replied that unions are American institutions, while students are traitors if they protest the war.

Many unionists now feel established in a society that once regarded them as outcasts; they feel they must prove their loyalty to middle-class values by being more enraged than anybody else at the "croakers and doubters." The sons of Polish immigrants in Milwaukee prove their loyalty by hating Father Groppi and open housing. New York City longshoremen beat up peace advocates.

But college educated workers are entering the unions in ever greater numbers. Unionized workers in government, for example, have increased 22 percent since 1962, compared to less than a 10 percent increase in the private sector. What happens to the anti-intellectual, old-time labor leader when the college breed begins to stir things up? What would have happened to the grape strike in California if the AFL-CIO convention had not been leafleted by strikers and students, and had not Walter Reuther made an issue of it by appearing on the Delano picket line?

Instead of gracefully yielding to the younger men, the old boys dig in. This is what happened in 1935: John L. Lewis and the industrial unionists were forced to set up a "dual union" to get around the immovable AFL, which was so out of touch that it was opposing unemployment compensation in the early thirties!

Now, of course, it must be recognized that the present AFL-CIO leadership is more enlightened than were AFL leaders of 30 years ago. George Meany, after all, took up the corruption issue and fought it out. And while he is no Ralph Abernathy, he shows none of the racism of a Samuel Gompers, who refused to allow Orientals to join the AFL. Under Meany's leadership, the AFL-CIO has established itself as a fountainhead of liberal social legislation and good friend of liberal politicians. It has a fine program of leadership training. In many states, it is the strongest force for the protection of workers and consumers.

There is today no clear-cut issue, moreover, of industrial unionism versus craft unionism, as in the thirties. Instead, a variety of smaller issues are splitting the unions. Labor's problem is not that it has failed, but that it may have been too successful. Forty-six percent of union members are in the $7,500- to $15,000-a-year salary bracket. They move into the suburbs where they spend 10 hours or more a week watching TV. They support the welfare state by a good 75 percent margin. The only labor-supported cause they oppose (but by a slender margin of 46 to 43 percent) is open housing.

Labor's political activity has made labor men US senators, members of state legislatures and city councils, and members of a huge number of boards and committees throughout the nation. The AFL-CIO's Community Services program has revolutionized philanthropy and has placed over 75,000 unionists on community health and welfare boards. In brief, by 1968 labor had become a full partner in the American establishment. It cannot be expected to revolt against itself. The reason why some union leaders are enraged by Reuther is that he questions the wisdom of unionists making it big, with their country clubs, Cadillacs, and all. He is asking for what amounts to a spiritual revival. The UAW has given unstintingly to the International Solidarity Fund to help build unions overseas, and recently when the Rubber Workers were engaged in their most massive strike in history, the UAW gave its sister union a $3 million loan interest free.

But one union can't break many trails alone. Walter Reuther needs and wants as many union allies as he can get. The AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department, which Reuther heads and finances to the tune of 20 percent of its income, is experimenting in cooperative inter-union organizing and bargaining. The organizers in the Chicago area swear by this method. But the IUD is losing money, and most of the internationals still prefer to go it alone.

In Watts, eleven unions are trying to teach the poor how they can organize to get their grievances heard. In Chicago, where slum dwellers were found paying $150 a month for a six-room apartment without heat or water, IUD organizers formed a tenants' union

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which signed a contract with a large landlord and is now taking on some managerial duties. In Appalachia, because of the foresight of a man like Miles Stanley, head of the West Virginia AFL-CIO, a labor Appalachian Council is trying to organize the poor with OEO funds. In Delano, California, Mexican-American farm workers have made their union a way of life: it is a social center as well as an economic tool.

Such examples show what labor can do with some imagination, cooperation and money. Yet the very central labor bodies whose responsibility it should be to organize community unions spend most of their time on building codes and increases in workmen's compensation. Meanwhile, less than 30 percent of those employed in non-agricultural establishments are unionized.

AFL-CIO doctrine on international affairs is that it is against all "dictatorship." It follows that it opposes as "company unions" all unions dominated by the state. All communist unions, being controlled by either the state or by the party, are therefore and by definition company unions. Meany's anti-communism is almost pathological. He opposes cultural and educational exchanges with any communist union, not only on the part of American unions but any "free union" in the world. All such fraternization is denounced. In this area, the Meany-Reuther battle is intense. Showing his independence of the AFL-CIO hard line, Victor Reuther, a veteran of many early union battles against the communists, toured the USSR in the summer of 1966, at the invitation of Soviet trade unionists, and they in turn visited him in the US in '67.

The *Free Trade Union News*, published by Jay Lovestone's AFL-CIO International Affairs Department, has advised German trade unionists to stop socializing with the Russians. It said that Germans who visited Russia tended to accept information given them "uncritically," and that "after their return, delegations have published reports in the union papers which are astonishing in their naïveté." It felt that since the free unionists were no match for the foxy Russians, they should stay away from them. The AFL-CIO has warned the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, with which it is affiliated, that if it ever favors friendly communication between democratic unionists and those from communist nations, it would eliminate "the very reason for its foundations and for its future existence." This presumption is coupled with support of the Vietnam war (which practically every other major union in the world opposes).

Meany and Reuther collide also over the American Institute of Free Labor Development, a joint Latin American venture of the AFL-CIO, the US government and business. It is headed by George Meany and J. Peter Grace of the Grace Lines. The institute engages in good works such as building homes for workers, establishing community centers, and training leaders in "democratic unionism." So closely have labor and management worked together in this endeavor that an article in *AIFLD Report* was entitled: "Hemisphere Businessmen Stress Need for Healthy Labor Movement." Though denouncing communist "company unions," the AFL-CIO urges Latin American businessmen to help guide union growth in their countries. It welcomes the US government's training of union leaders from other lands. The good works of AIFLD help uphold a system many Latin American workers are trying to overthrow. Unions like the UAW get extremely upset by such goings on.

The lack of give and take in foreign policy discussion was illustrated when Meany, at the recent AFL-CIO convention, said the Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, which Victor Reuther addressed some months ago in Chicago, had been planned in Hanoi. The planning had, in fact, been done in part by three respected international union secretary-treasurers and one international president. Emil Mazey, UAW Secretary-Tresaurer, demanded an apology. When pressed by reporters on whether he really thought the meeting had been planned in Hanoi, Meany tersely replied, "Absolutely."

UAW statements have been presented fairly enough by the *AFL-CIO News*, but the underlying issues which are dividing the movement are not being presented at all, and this is the main thrust of the Reuther attack. The hard questions are not being asked: Why aren't the unorganized being reached? Why aren't the young people "digging" unions as their fathers did? What about the youth versus age split? Why don't blacks yet trust many unions?

Take the legitimate problem of the craft unions that are being arm-twisted into signing up Negroes. These unions, like the medieval guilds from which they originated, have always discriminated in order to keep jobs in the family. They have a job scarcity psychology, as well they might in an economy where unemployment stays just under four percent, despite a war. Forcing Negroes on the crafts is not a satisfactory answer by itself, for then a white is jobless. The answer lies in some kind of guaranteed annual income, something more than the New Deal warmed over.

While the AFL-CIO's political action (COPE) program is run by capable people at the top, for well over a decade it has been almost impossible to get anything done locally without paying unionists hard cash for their political efforts. Contrast this to the thousands of young people working voluntarily for McCarthy. Why? The single fact that you have to pay unionists for political activity tells the story. And yet labor his-

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torians say that the worst crime one can commit in union circles is dual unionism; keep your fight within the family, behind closed doors; when you lose, as you must, take your defeat like a gentleman. The high treason of splitting the movement and airing disagreements in public was the word the AFL-CIO Executive Council was trying to get across to Reuther. He got it. But he hasn't got where he is by being a gentleman.

"I Find Myself Puzzled by the Hostility"

Why I Am for Kennedy

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

I must confess a certain sense of *déjà vu* in sitting down to do this piece. Eight years ago this month many Americans were persuaded that John F. Kennedy was a ruthless political opportunist, shouldering aside more deserving and principled men in his driving ambition for the Presidency. Those of us who knew John Kennedy spent a lot of time in the summer and autumn of 1960 trying to assure fellow liberals and intellectuals that this was not so. I even felt it necessary to write a small book, improbably entitled *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?* I do not think that we who argued for John Kennedy in 1960 misled anyone who bothered to listen to us. I argue with the same conviction for Robert Kennedy today.

Indeed, I find myself puzzled by the hostility to Robert Kennedy which appears to rage in so many liberal breasts. I do understand, of course, why people were upset, or irritated, by the mode of Kennedy's entry into the 1968 presidential contest. But I really do not think too much significance should be read into this. The Kennedys seem to be accident prone at the starting line. As some in 1960 thought John Kennedy an overambitious young-man-in-a-hurry who should have deferred to Adlai Stevenson and waited his turn, so many in 1962 resented the way Edward Kennedy entered the Massachusetts senatorial contest, and many more resented the way Robert Kennedy entered the New York senatorial contest in 1964. Let us stipulate that the Kennedys always do these things badly. None of this preliminary gracelessness prevented any of these men from becoming absolutely first-class public servants and winning rather quickly for their measures the respect of those who had bitterly criticized their manners.

Nor do I see much force in the argument that priority in entering the presidential competition confers the exclusive moral right to be the only liberal candidate. In any case, this is a novel doctrine. Sixteen years ago a Democratic senator with a superb record – certainly a more consistent record than Eugene McCarthy's – beat the incumbent Democratic President in New Hampshire and then went on to win every major primary. He came to the Chicago convention as the certified people's choice and even led on the first two ballots. If anyone had ever "earned" the right to exclusive liberal support, I suppose it was Estes Kefauver in 1952. But at the convention the Democratic President, whom Kefauver had humiliated in New Hampshire, joined with the city bosses, who had felt threatened by his senatorial investigations, in putting across a candidate who had not entered a single primary. And, despite Kefauver's priority in the fight, most liberals went to Adlai Stevenson without notable moral qualms – for the reason, to my mind conclusive, that they thought he would make a better President. I was for Stevenson on that ground in 1952, and I am for Kennedy on the same ground in 1968.

I wish Kennedy had entered earlier this time, and I urged him to do so. The reason he hesitated was his conviction that the public would ascribe action on his part against Johnson to personal rancor rather than to disagreement over issues. Over the last three years, for example, he has given a number of careful speeches about Vietnam. In every case the newspapers discussed the speech much less in terms of its substantive arguments than of its political and personal implications – not what he recommended doing about Vietnam, but how he was deliberately putting himself to the left of Johnson in order to win the liberal vote, or how the Kennedys believed that they owned the

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White House and were using Vietnam in order to drive the usurper out. This experience had convinced him that, if he were the first to challenge Johnson, people would regard this too as a party-splitting move by a young man hungry for power and engaged in a private feud with the President. To those of us importuning him to run, he replied that there had to be a demonstration that the party was already split, and over issues, not over personalities; then it would be harder to take his entry as the indulgence of a personal ambition or a personal feud. So he waited. Some liberals, meanwhile, condemned his failure to run as opportunism; and then when he decided to run, they condemned that as opportunism too.

Yet obviously the feeling against Kennedy has a deeper source than simply resentment over his tardy entry into the presidential competition. After all, unlike Stevenson in 1952, Kennedy will miss only one major primary. Nelson Rockefeller and Hubert Humphrey have teetered on the brink, but I notice no great tendency to denounce their vacillation as "opportunism." Kennedy's problem, I surmise, is that his first years in public life cast him in the role of prosecutor, and that this image still lingers in the popular imagination. The American electorate does not, thank heavens, like prosecutors. It may sometimes feel it needs them; it may in masochistic moods elect them mayor or governor; but it will not elect them President (*cf.* Dewey and Nixon). In other words, it is more than the fact that Kennedy at the age of 27 served briefly as a junior counsel on the McCarthy committee. After all, Hubert Humphrey in the same period and at a much older age (43) was teaming up with Martin Dies to sponsor the Communist Control Act of 1954. Eugene McCarthy voted to sustain every House Un-American Activities Committee contempt citation during his time in the House, including that of Arthur Miller – now a McCarthy delegate from Connecticut. Yet Humphrey and McCarthy are forgiven for acts committed well beyond the age of discretion, while Kennedy's youthful offense keeps him under a shadow. This is, I think, only because Humphrey and McCarthy do not fit into the prosecutor stereotype.

The irony is that neither does Kennedy. I know of no case in my lifetime where there is a larger discrepancy between the man and the myth. The unprincipled and calculating power-seeker who haunts some liberals' dreams is simply not the Robert Kennedy I have known and worked with for a dozen years. I have written at length about the qualities Kennedy displayed in his brother's Administration (*A Thousand Days*, 693-702) and will not repeat myself here. For whatever one's own testimony may be worth, I can only say that I collaborated with him during those years on many matters of domestic and foreign concern, and I have entire confidence in his decency, his liberalism and his purpose. I saw him fight for civil liberties – recommend Junius Scales for pardon, for example, over the opposition not only of the FBI but of his successive deputy attorneys general. I saw him make the first effort in a generation to bring J. Edgar Hoover under some form of control. I saw him labor with Abba Schwartz of the State Department to reform the visa policy of our government.

I believe that he not only has the right instincts and the right views but the executive force to translate these instincts and views into national policy. Among all the candidates, he seems to me to have shown the most sensitive and penetrating understanding of what is wrong with America and the greatest capacity to do something about it. I forget whose phrase "experiencing nature" is – Eliot's, I think – but that is what Kennedy has, and this accounts for his fascinating development as a political leader. William O. Douglas has written of Kennedy's "unique capacity for growth." The source of this is simply the impressive openness of his mind and sensibility to new experience and new perspective. In particular, Kennedy has developed the instinct to look at the world from the viewpoint of its casualties and victims. Thus he exhorts his listeners to see America "through the eyes of the young slum dweller – the Negro, the Puerto Rican, the Mexican-American." In foreign affairs he has the same instinct to consider how American policy is likely to appear to the young revolutionaries of the emerging world, or even to the old bureaucrats of Moscow. All this has quickened and deepened his sympathy beyond that, I think, of most political leaders. As a leading academic figure who knew Robert Kennedy during his brother's Administration recently wrote a doubtful friend, "He has been eager to learn; he has learned; and he goes on learning. Further, the public picture of him as ruthless, calculating and aggressive is almost the opposite of truth. What the notion that he is ruthless and aggressive in truth does reflect is that he is passionate . . . and thus expresses himself in anger when he would be wiser to bite his tongue. But this same passionate characteristic is really the opposite of ruthlessness. . . . On any comparative standard, he is far less calculating than most of the professionals in the game."

Kennedy's openness to new experience and insight, moreover, is the sort which enriches rather than enfeebles his capacity for decision. The ability to get things done is not a minor part of the Presidency. It is just as true today as ever that our responsibility is to ordain in November not the nicest, or most deserving, or most whimsical or philosophical man, but the man who would make the best President. This in-

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volves more than a candidate's convictions. It involves equally the qualities of mind and character, the strength of determination and purpose, the energy and the vision, which will enable him to do something about his convictions within the framework of the system. Politics is not a means of rewarding personal virtue. It is above all a means of meeting public necessities and fulfilling public hopes.

For our next President must not only philosophize about things but change them. He will face two tasks of extreme difficulty and vital consequence. At home, he must work to effect the reconciliation of the races. Abroad, he must bring about the resolution of the Vietnam conflict, if that has not been achieved by next January, and the reordering of premises and priorities in our broader foreign policy. Kennedy seems to me by far the best qualified candidate to get things done.

The cruel events of April have shown how far white America has yet to go to make up for centuries of injustice toward our nonwhite citizens, how much more must be done to open full membership in our national community to the excluded groups, and how little time remains. The ties binding our society have become brittle indeed. They will grow a good deal more brittle in another four years if we do not elect as our next President a man who has already fully identified himself with the struggle for the outcasts and the dispossessed. The battle to bring all our citizens into the national community is surely the supreme issue in our domestic policy.

Not even Kennedy's critics can deny his intense and persevering insistence that justice be done those whom affluent America has considered untouchables – not only black Americans but Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans, California grape pickers, migrant laborers in the Mississippi Delta, poor people in Appalachia, despairing Indians in the Southeast and Northwest. In the Senate he has made himself the particular champion of those who in the past have been the constituents of no one. He has been the representative of the unrepresented.

It requires considerable ingenuity, I think, to attribute this concern to political motives. These people are predominantly outside the political as well as the economic community. Many have no fixed places of abode, or are too poor, too illiterate, too apathetic, too sad to participate in the governmental process. They do not register. They do not vote. Any political figure who spends time worrying about what our country has done to them does so out of contrition and conviction, not out of expectation of political return. That is why so few politicians bother. Yet the future of our nation requires that we acknowledge the very existence of all of the excluded peoples and begin to draw them into our national life.

Some people fear that Kennedy has too "divisive" a personality to lead a mission of reconciliation. But surely the experiences of Eisenhower and Johnson have sufficiently demonstrated the fallacy of the pursuit of consensus for consensus' sake. Genuine reconciliation does not depend on benignity of mien and rhetoric but on trenchancy of diagnosis and prescription, not on blurring problems but on solving them. Is there really a great advantage in having a President who through charm of demeanor and ambiguity of utterance appeals at once to the New Left and to moderate Republicans? Isn't someone bound to be disappointed at some point? Surely reconciliation, if it is ever to be achieved, will come not through tranquilizing affirmations of faith but through hard, precise work on the specific problems which are divisive. Franklin Roosevelt had a divisive personality, but by identifying and confronting problems he carried his nation far further toward reconciliation than a less controversial President would have done.

Kennedy sees the problem of the outcasts in the context of a society where men and women drift aimlessly from the wasted countryside to the crowded and lonely city. He has called the ghetto "the most terrible and urgent domestic crisis to face this nation since the Civil War"; and he has led the criticism of our conventional wisdom on the problems of the blacks, the poor and the cities. Our public assistance services, he has said, "have stripped the poor of their dignity and treated them as a nation apart." More money for education without changing the institutional environment, he feels, produces meager results. The most likely answer to poverty, urban and rural, he has argued, lies in programs of community development. The task is "to bring not just individual residents, but the entire community, into the mainstream of American life." The problem is to "help the people of the ghetto to gain self-sufficiency, control over their own destiny." The heart of the undertaking must lie in the creation of "new community institutions that

COMING: *Why I favor Ronald Reagan for the Presidency – by Frank S. Meyer*

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local residents control, and through which they can express their wishes."

This approach goes back to the programs sponsored when he was attorney general by his Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. He has enlarged and refined his strategy in a score of speeches and legislative proposals in the Senate. And what he is talking about is already on display in the Bedford-Stuyvesant experiment in Brooklyn. Here, in this second largest Negro ghetto in the nation, Kennedy brought local black leaders together with business, political and academic figures to establish a community development corporation and provide capital investment and technical assistance. I have no notion whether this will work; but it is the most exciting thing of its kind in the country, and we will learn a great deal from its success and even from its failure. This remarkable experiment in ghetto self-regeneration is due entirely to Kennedy's initiative.

No political leader of our time has so deeply and rigorously concerned himself with the fate of the vulnerable and powerless as Kennedy. That is why, for example, he has today the support of such men as Michael Harrington. That is why he was the only presidential candidate who dared walk through the riot-torn sections of an American city in the weekend after the murder of Martin Luther King – and, when he did so, was greeted with respect and affection. There is an irony here. There was a time when these problems of civil rights and poverty engaged young American liberals and radicals more than anything else except Vietnam. It is perplexing now to watch young people abandon the senator who has thought most about these problems and worked hardest on them.

The question of intensity of concern is vital to the question of national reconciliation. In a time of national schism we can hardly run the risk of a chief executive whose civil rights record is diffident or pallid. A record of full commitment to racial justice is necessary both to preserve confidence in the democratic process and also to win the ability to protect that process when it is under attack. For we obviously cannot permit uncontrolled violence, from whatever source, and retain a rational society. Whoever is President in 1969 must have the political strength as well as the executive authority to defend the peaceful processes of change. One doubts whether any President could do this successfully unless he has shown profound personal involvement in the cause of racial justice. Kennedy seems to me the best possible bridge between the alienated black community and white America.

The overriding issue in the international community is also a question of reconciliation; and here too Kennedy seems to me exceptionally qualified. It is no fun being President in the nuclear age. It requires sobriety of judgment, steadiness of nerve and magnanimity of vision. The recent supreme test of such qualities was surely that provided by the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Whenever one thinks of any man as a possible President, one must first ask how he would have met *that* test – whether he would have overreacted or underreacted, whether he would have used our power with the precision which kept the world from nuclear war without subjecting his country to humiliating defeat. The Johnson Administration, for example, in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam renounced the attempt to measure response to threat and went in instead for the strategy of overkill – a strategy which, if applied to the missile crisis, might well have produced the third world war.

As all accounts of the missile crisis have made clear, Robert Kennedy as attorney general played a part in the resolution of that crisis second only to that played by his brother. On the Friday of the first week, October 19, 1962, in the President's absence, several members of the Executive Committee of the National Security Council argued for taking out the missile bases by surprise aerial attack on the following Sunday morning. It was the attorney general who led the opposition to this proposal. Kennedy said that such an action would be "a Pearl Harbor in reverse, and it would blacken the name of the United States in the pages of history." For 175 years we had not been that kind of a country. Sunday-morning sneak attacks on small nations were not part of our tradition. We were fighting for something more than survival, and an action of this sort would be a betrayal of our heritage and our ideals. Kennedy spoke with passion, and he stopped the bombing proposal dead in its tracks.

Eight days later, on October 27, there came another turning point in the larger crisis. Two letters had come in from Khrushchev, the first proposing reasonable terms for negotiation, the second couched in much more uncompromising language and proposing much less reasonable terms. The general assumption was that the second letter superseded the first, and its arrival produced consternation and gloom. Then Robert Kennedy came up with the proposal which broke the deadlock: why not ignore the second message and respond to the first? This course was followed. It made possible the resolution of the crisis. This capacity for rational analysis, careful decision under the most unimaginable conditions of pressure and panic is what any President must have in the nuclear age. Other candidates may potentially have this capacity. But Robert Kennedy has already demonstrated that he has it. (Senator McCarthy has said that Senator Kennedy took part in the decisions leading up to the Bay of

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Pigs. Senator McCarthy is mistaken. As one present at all those ghastly meetings, I can testify that the attorney general was not there. It was because of the Bay of Pigs that President Kennedy resolved to make no subsequent major decision in foreign affairs thereafter without his brother's counsel.)

On the problem of Vietnam, Kennedy was of course implicated, as he has repeatedly said, in decisions leading to the enlargement of the American commitment. (For a supposedly arrogant man, Kennedy has been refreshingly free to admit error.) But he also, as Roger Hilsman has recorded (in *To Move a Nation*, p. 501), raised as early as September 1963 the question whether any government in Saigon could resist a communist take-over; "if it could not, now was the time to get out of Vietnam entirely, rather than waiting." His senatorial speeches on Vietnam – given at a time when it took courage to attack the Johnson policy – did a great deal to help bring about the transformation in public opinion which later made possible the repudiation of President Johnson and the course of military escalation in New Hampshire and Wisconsin. I do not think that anyone in our politics has attempted a more careful analysis of the conditions for a negotiated settlement than Kennedy in the concluding pages of *To Seek A Newer World*.

Above all, Kennedy has again and again displayed his understanding that the power of the United States does not lie in our nuclear arsenal but in our capacity, whatever it may be, to appeal to the reason and conscience of the young around the planet. He has traveled widely through Asia, Africa and Latin America. Everywhere he has talked with young revolutionists, workers, *campesinos*, students and intellectuals. Sometimes the meetings have been stormy, but his forthrightness and candor have won general respect. I doubt whether there is anyone whose election as President would so reassure the rest of the world and so restore hope in America.

The months of February and March 1968 produced an astonishing political revolution in the United States – a revolution which suggests that in some peculiar sense our democracy still works. In January the nation seemed condemned to a choice in November between the most disliked and mistrusted American politicians of the 20th century. Then the electorate, in its mysterious way, revolted against the bleakness of this choice. It created McCarthy as a serious candidate (and could not have done so, of course, without McCarthy's gallantry in entering the contest – for which the nation stands deeply in his debt); it thrust Kennedy into the competition; it forced Johnson out and reversed, at least for a moment, the escalation policy in Vietnam; it will thrust Rockefeller into the competition, and Hubert Humphrey as well. Instead of the fearful choice between Johnson and Nixon, the American people will now have the unexpected luxury of choosing among the very best political leaders of the day.

Within the Democratic Party one can now pick among three men of superior intelligence and character. Any one of the three would be a more than creditable candidate – and an indispensable alternative to a Richard Nixon, whose campaign seems to have settled down to a prudent silence on Vietnam and a determined opposition to serious spending on the cities. Why then prefer Senator Kennedy? Because, beyond the question of executive ability, it is idle to ignore the fact that, within a common framework, these three men do have varying positions on the supreme issues of 1968. One, with an excellent record on Vietnam (though one boggles a little at Senator McCarthy's Pittsburgh suggestion that William Bundy, so key a figure in the escalation policy, would be an acceptable replacement for Secretary Rusk), and a genuine sensitivity to the limits of American power in the world, has never acted as if he regarded the outcasts at home as a central political issue. Another has a fine record on the excluded groups but has zealously supported military escalation in Vietnam, has argued that China is running the Vietnam war and has defined the American goal as the creation of a Great Society in Asia. Kennedy seems to me the candidate who meets both necessities – who has worked to get our priorities straight in foreign policy and at the same time has identified himself with the fight of the excluded groups for full membership in American society.

There is no more conscientious and thoughtful member of the United States Senate today than George McGovern of South Dakota. He is not only the nearest thing we have to a George Norris in this era, but he is, in addition, a gifted professional historian. Senator McGovern's appraisal of his colleague, Senator Kennedy, is worth the most serious attention. He said on April 16, Robert Kennedy has "the absolute personal honesty of Woodrow Wilson, the stirring passion for leadership of Andrew Jackson, and the profound acquaintance with personal tragedy of Abraham Lincoln."

He added: "You people know the affection and the esteem I held for President Kennedy, but it is my carefully measured conviction that Senator Robert Kennedy even more than our late beloved President would now bring to the Presidency a deeper measure of experience and a more profound capacity to lead our troubled land into the light of a new day. . . . If he is elected President of the United States, he will in my judgment become one of the three or four greatest Presidents in our national history."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Lost in the Stars

Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* took five years and $10 million to make, and it's easy to see where the time and the money have gone. It's less easy to understand how, for five years, Kubrick managed to concentrate on his ingenuity and ignore his talent. In the first 30 seconds, this film gets off on the wrong foot and, although there are plenty of clever effects and some amusing spots, it never recovers. Because this is a major effort by an important director, it is a major disappointment.

2001: A Space Odyssey
(MGM)

Part of the trouble is sheer distention. A short story by Arthur C. Clarke, *The Sentinel*, has been amplified and padded to make it bear the weight of this three-hour film. (Including intermission.) It cannot. *The Sentinel*, as I remember, tells of a group of astronauts who reach the moon and discover a slab, clearly an artifact, that emits radio waves when they approach it. They assume it is a kind of DEW marker, set up by beings from a farther planet to signal them that men are at last able to travel this far from earth; and the astronauts sit down to await the beings who will respond to the signal. A neat little open-ended thriller.

The screenplay by Kubrick and Clarke begins with a prologue four million years ago in which, among other things, one of those slabs is set up on earth. Then, with another set of characters, of course, it jumps to the year 2001. Pan Am is running a regular service to the moon with a way stop at an orbiting space-station, and on the moon a similar slab has been discovered, which the US is keeping secret from the Russians. (We are never told why.) Then we get the third part, with still another set of characters: a huge spaceship is sent to Jupiter to find the source or target of the slab's radio waves.

On this Jupiter trip there are only two astronauts. Conscious ones, that is. Three others – as in *Planet of the Apes* – are in suspended animation under glass. Kubrick had to fill in this lengthy trip with some sort of action, so he devised a conflict between the two men and the giant computer on the ship. It is not exactly fresh science-fiction to endow a machine with a personality and voice, but Kubrick wrings the last drop out of this conflict because *something* has to happen during the voyage. None of this man-versus-machine rivalry has anything to do with the main story, but it goes on so long that by the time we return to the main story, the ending feels appended. It states one of Clarke's favorite themes – that, compared with life elsewhere, man is only a child; but this theme, presumably the point of the whole long picture, is sloughed off.

2001 tells us, perhaps, what space travel will be like, but it does so with almost none of the wit of *Dr. Strangelove* or *Lolita* and with little of the visual acuity of *Paths of Glory* or *Spartacus*. What is most shocking is that Kubrick's sense of narrative is so feeble. Take the very opening (embarrassingly labelled *The Dawn of Man*). Great Cinerama landscapes of desert are plunked down in front of us, each shot held too long, with no sense of rhythm or relation. Then we see an elaborate, extremely slow charade enacted by two groups of ape-men, fighting over a waterhole. Not interwoven with this but clumsily inserted is the discovery of one of those black slabs by some of the ape-men. Then one ape-man learns that he can use a bone as a weapon, pulverizes an enemy, tosses the weapon triumphantly in the air . . . and it dissolves into a spaceship 33 years from now. Already we are painfully aware that this is not the Kubrick we knew. The sharp edge, the selective intelligence, the personal mark of his best work seem swamped in a Superproduction aimed at hard-ticket theatres. This prologue is just a tedious basketful of mixed materials dumped in our laps for future reference. What's worse, we don't need it. Nothing in the rest of the film depends on it.

Without that heavy and homiletic prologue, we would at least open with the best moments of the film – real Kubrick. We are in space – immense blue and ghastly lunar light – and the first time we see it, it's exciting to think that men are there. A spaceship is about to dock in a spaceport that rotates as it orbits the earth. All these vasty motions in space are accompanied by *The Blue Danube*, loud and stereophonic on the soundtrack. As the waltz continues, we go inside the spaceship. It is like a superjet cabin, with a discreet electric sign announcing Weightless Condition with the gentility of a seat belt sign. To prove the condition, a ballpoint pen floats in the air next to a dozing passenger, a US envoy. In comes a hostess wearing Pan Am Grip Shoes to keep her from floating – and also wearing that same hostess smile which hasn't changed since 1968. When the ship docks and we enter the spaceport, there is a Howard Johnson, a Hilton, and so on. For a minute our hopes are up. Kubrick has created the future with fantastic realism, we think, but he is not content with that, he is going to do something with it.

Not so. Very quickly we see that the gadgets are there for themselves, not for use in an artwork. We sense this as the envoy makes an utterly inane phone call back to earth just to show off the mechanism. We sense it further through the poor dialogue and acting, which make the story only a trite setting for a series of exhibits from Expo '01. There is a scene between the envoy and some Russians that would disgrace late-night TV. There is a scene with the envoy and some US officials in secret conference that is even worse. I kept hoping that the director of the War Room sequence in *Dr. Strangelove* was putting me on; but he wasn't. He was so in love with his gadgets and special ef-

(Continued on page 41)

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Books and the Arts

Asia: Soft States and Hard Facts

by Kenneth E. Boulding

Even with all the unfortunate overtones of the word it seems impossible to avoid calling this study monumental. It is large, authoritative and carries the imprint of a man who may very well be the world's top social scientist. It is timely, and it deals with what is perhaps the most important subject facing the human race today. With its great length and a certain sense of urgency pervading it, there is inevitably some repetition, but it is well written, with an easy flowing style, and it held my attention to the end. The faint-hearted reader should be advised that the book improves as it goes along, and there is much to be said for starting with the Appendices in Volume 3, many of which are important monographs in their own right. The work is excellently indexed and its magnitude may be judged by the fact that the author index alone contains over 800 names. The documentation and footnoting is extensive, almost beyond the call of duty.

Asian Drama
An Inquiry Into the Poverty Nations
by Gunnar Myrdal
(Paperback, Pantheon; $8.50)
(Hardcover, Twentieth Century Fund; $25)

Even though the book deals with a particular geographical region, a great deal of the analysis and conclusions apply to the rest of the underdeveloped world. The region actually covered by the study consists of Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam, Indonesia, Malaya and the Philippines. The book's main question is indicated by its subtitle. It is why are these countries so poor, as indeed they are, and what keeps them poor? Why is the process of development and modernization so slow and so difficult, in spite of a wide general agreement about the objectives of policy and the desirability of progress on the part of the ruling groups? Historically, the period covered is mainly from the end of the Second World War, which marked the achievement for most of these countries, with the single exception of Thailand, of political independence after more or less long periods of colonial status. The gaining of national sovereignty after having been part of the colonial empires of European powers for periods ranging from three hundred to a little under one hundred years is thus the main fact that unifies the region history.

There is certainly enough similarity among these countries to make the concept of a region defensible. Nevertheless, the differences are also very important, not only in religion, where at least four major beliefs divide the region – Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Christianity – but also in language, culture, and political philosophy. The work concentrates on India as the major country in the region and one feels at times that the whole area is being viewed from the perspective of Delhi. Nevertheless, there is a good deal to justify such a perspective, for India is not only the largest of the countries, but also reflects in an extreme form the problems they all face. All these countries are culturally and linguistically heterogeneous. They are all governed by a small ruling class which likes to think of itself as a middle class, but is actually an upper class. In all of them, the mass of the population lives at a subsistence level or even below, and up to now has been very little touched by the processes of modernization.

The cumulative effect of the work is depressing in the extreme. Volume 1 begins on a note of modest optimism and one suspects that much of this was written before the study really got well under way. The ideals of modernization are clearly explained and it is evident that these ideals and values are very widely accepted by the ruling groups. It is possible for the reader to have the elfish thought that what Myrdal really means by modernization is turning people into Swedes – rational, productive, clean, healthy, honest, farsighted, and so on. Furthermore, in the first volume there is some optimism about "the third world of planning." The rulers of these countries are all committed to extensive government action designed to implement the values they hold, and bring about the type of society they envisage for the future. No longer is development to be left to the vast, incoherent, ecological forces of the market. The hand of the planner will guide the society along the narrow expansion path that leads to riches.

As the work goes on, however, one catches an increasing sense of depression as the carefully documented and marshalled facts come in. It becomes clear that these countries are never going to be much like Sweden and these people are never going to be Swedes. The transmission belts of the traditional culture are too strong. The vested interests are too great and there is an appalling homeostasis about the traditional village which seems to insure that what comes in from outside is eventually diverted into the old power structure and used to suppress change rather than to encourage it. Furthermore, the impact of the outside world in these countries has intensified their own problems. We see this in the most extreme form in Vietnam, but we see it also in the population explosion which has to be regarded as something completely exogenous to the existing social system of this region, and in the debilitating ambivalence, even of the elite, towards modern institutions because they are not only modern, but European or Western, and hence tinged with the hate-love relationship of the oppressed

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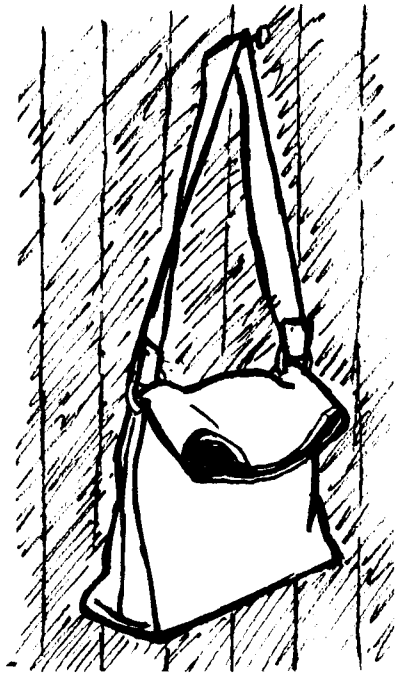

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Myrdal is determined not to be mealy-mouthed. He has an excellent Appendix on Diplomacy by Terminology in which he decries the confusion of thought which so easily follows upon the use of polite substitutes for four-letter words like "poor." He is outspoken and well informed on problems of corruption, a little less so perhaps on the more elusive problem of incompetence. He is unsparing, furthermore, in his criticism of those Western economists and social scientists who think that development is equivalent to technology and who are unwilling to recognize the obstacles created by ancient tradition, class structures and especially by the existing power structure of the society. This is a point which is so underplayed in most Western and especially in American writing on the subject that it is refreshing to have someone who is not a Marxist point out that existing power and property structures, especially in the village, may be the most important obstacle to development. On the other hand, something in Myrdal is a little reminiscent of the depressing discovery of the New Left that the powerful have power and that, therefore, very little can be done about it. Toward the end of the book Myrdal seems constantly to be saying that such and such should be done, but it will not be done because of the power structure.

The term "soft states" is used frequently throughout the work to describe the South Asian countries. What Myrdal seems to mean by this is that they are "undisciplined" in the sense that the actions of government are not necessarily carried out, that the government is unwilling to use coercion against its own people, and that perhaps there is a tendency to substitute words, assertions, and even legislative acts for things and deeds. The term "soft," however, in spite of having four letters may also be part of the diplomatic vocabulary. In many respects, these states are highly coercive, especially in regard to racial, religious, or linguistic minorities. Had what Ceylon has done to the Tamils, Burma to the Indian minorities, Indonesia to the Chinese, Pakistanis to Hindus, and Indians to Moslems, been done by a Western country it would have been described as fascist. Furthermore, most of these states have no hesitation in using military violence, either internally or externally, and waste their desperately sparse resources in arms races. In their foreign policies towards each other, they are strongly reminiscent of 19th-century Europe. This hardly seems to be covered by the word "soft." Furthermore, though the ideals of modernization and democracy which they profess are not matched by their performance, this may not mean so much an unwillingness to coerce as a covert recognition of the power structure. In Myrdal's terms, indeed, the United States could very well be accused of being a "soft" state; this is the "American dilemma."

It may well be that one of the problems of the book is that the "hard facts" which emerge with such depressing clarity as the work proceeds are counter in a sense to the author's initial presuppositions. Myrdal is very sympathetic towards planning and especially towards the "third world of planning," which is neither the cruel and ruthless austerity of the communists nor the futureless and undirected vision of *laissez faire*. As the book proceeds, however, it becomes clear that the mass of people in these countries are, in a notable phrase of the 1930's, "more planned against than planning" and that the "soft planning" (the phrase is mine, not Myrdal's) which is so characteristic of the region succeeds in bringing about the worst of all possible worlds. What planning has meant in these countries, especially in India, is, first, the use of the national budget for developmental public works which go somewhat beyond the usual Western framework to include, for instance, a state steel industry, and second, a large array of "discretionary controls," that is, quotas and licensing. It seems to be almost impossible to do anything in India without a license, which it is in the power of some government official to withhold. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that corruption flourishes. Quantitative controls, or licensing, whether of foreign exchange, imports, materials, building permits, sites, or bank loans, inevitably provoke an enormous demand for corruption, and society has

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to have a very strong Puritan ethic if the supply is not to be found rather elastic. Although all the evidence he has collected points to this conclusion, Myrdal is a little unwilling to state it explicitly.

Nobody in this day and age is going to argue that a society should deny itself a self-conscious image of the future, or that government should deny itself any economic functions. In these days everybody has a mixed economy. Nevertheless, there are some mixes which are much worse than others and the Asian countries seem to have a positive genius for hitting on the worst of them, with the possible exceptions of the two richest among them, Malaya and Ceylon. Nobody is going to argue either that the particular set of prices which a free market would develop is necessarily optimum, from the point of view of future development, for these or any other countries. Some distortion of the price system in the interest of development can be defended. Discretionary, quantitative controls with quotas and licences, however, mean that at a certain point prices go to infinity in the absence of bribery and corruption. It is extremely unlikely that this is an optimum price system. The same proposition holds, as Myrdal has also pointed out very effectively, for financial markets and the rate of interest. Artificially low interest rates coupled with quantitative restrictions are extremely unlikely to produce an optimum investment pattern. Yet nearly all these countries seem to have fallen into this trap. It is interesting to watch Myrdal being pushed by the logic of his facts towards a position much closer to that of Milton Friedman than he would like to admit!

In spite of the book's tremendous size and extensive coverage, there are some rather striking omissions. There is no really adequate discussion, for instance, of the role of the defense establishments and the war industry, either in the economic or the political life of these countries. Even more surprising, there is no comprehensive description of the system of taxation and public finance which one would have thought crucial to the development problems. There are only rather incidental references to the banking system and the nature of capital mar-

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kets and financial institutions. These omissions may have been justified by the already enormous extent of the work and a certain pressure of urgency. Nevertheless, they do detract from the completeness of the argument.

In conclusion, one hopes that a condensation will be produced which will make the essential argument of the work available to readers who will be put off by the 2,300 pages of rather fine print. One hopes also that some of the Appendices might be published as separate monographs, or again, might be combined and rearranged into a separate work. Myrdal's attack on the economists and economic models of development is often very sound, and economists should pay close attention to his insistence that concepts which may be meaningful in the environment of a developed country are frequently meaningless and confusing in the context of the underdeveloped world. His attack, for instance, on the notion of unemployment or even underemployment in the underdeveloped world, if perhaps carried a little too far, is still trenchant and necessary and his insistence that the major problem is the total culture which creates such a low productivity of labor is also highly valid. His insistence on the crucial importance of agriculture, and on the fact that for at least a generation to come no conceivable amount of industrialization in these countries will take care of the rapidly growing labor force, shows a very solid quantitative sense of what is perhaps the hardest fact of the whole problem.

Twenty-five years ago, in *American Dilemma*, Myrdal showed a remarkable capacity for telling us in this country what we should have known, and in a way did know already; that where ideals and reality do not coincide one or the other must give. *Asian Drama* has in a sense the same message for Asia: that the realities of the situation do not correspond to the ideals, the verbal pronouncements and the ostensible purpose of these societies. One hopes that the major result of this work will be a realistic reappraisal, however agonizing, of the total social dynamic of these societies by their elites. At the moment, their problems seem almost insoluble. It is precisely the kind of shock treatment, however, which this work provides, that may release us from the world of fantasy which we have too long inhabited, and this may then change the dynamic towards a more hopeful future for these countries and for the world.

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Updike's Twosomes

by Anatole Broyard

In his autobiography, Frank Harris tells us that J. M. W. Turner had done hundreds of paintings and watercolors of the female genitals. Supposedly, they were discovered after his death by his priggish executor, Ruskin, and burned. If all this is true, the world might well mourn the loss. What a marriage of artist and subject! Just think what the man who painted *Sun*

Couples
by John Updike
(Alfred A. Knopf; $6.95)

Rising through Vapours might have achieved. Imagine the opening at the Museum of Modern Art.

I bring this up because in John Updike's *Couples* – which is about the sexual shenanigans of ten married pairs in an exurban town outside of Boston – we have a curious parallel. If anyone had asked me which contemporary American writer was best equipped to write a definitive description of love and sex, if he so desired, I would unhesitatingly have said Updike. He, of all people, might have been expected to make this elusive subject effable. His obsessive extensions of observation, his indefatigable tuning of language, his almost feminine talent for nuances of feeling and fugitive threads of consciousness – all mobilized by a rich and confident masculinity – uniquely qualified him.

And then literature today is altogether more ripe, more ready for such an assignment than painting was in Turner's time. After Freud, after Kinsey, after Malinowski and Essalen; after intra-vaginal movies of female orgasm and electrocardiographic records of coitus; after the recent flood of books running the gamut of sexual expression and the correspondingly increased willingness – even eagerness – of people to talk about their sexual experiences, both writer and public ought to be sufficiently primed.

Surely, one feels, all this research and innovation ought to have some positive issue. Centuries of repression must have incubated *something* worth saying about the subject, now that we are prepared to say it. There should be some compensation for all the dull and offensive writing about sex that we've suffered since this Pandora's box was opened to the reading public a decade ago.

And so we come back to *Couples*, and the inescapable fact that it is disappointing. Eight years after the impressive *Rabbit, Run*, with the virtual guarantee of Updike's maturing talent in more recent stories like *The Music School* and *Marching through Boston*, it is terribly disappointing. Updike writes about sex no better than most and less well than many. Here is a sample: "his shaggy head sank toward the ancient alleyway where, foul proud queen, she frothed most." Why *ancient* alleyway, as if she were a thousand years old? Why *foul* proud queen? And where else does she *froth*

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if she froths *most* there? Another example: "Lazily she fellated him while he combed her lovely hair." Is *fellated* the language of either love or sex? Updike periodically lapses into words like fellate and phallus, as if he were uneasy in his new freedom. And all too often the sexual act is armored in metaphors that, like a condom, insulate his characters from true feeling.

Perhaps, like pain, physical pleasure leaves no memory. But even if this were so, there is more to sex than that. In fiction now, we're plagued with hundred-page "mind-expanding" psychedelic trips, rehashed in paroxysms of bad prose: is sex such a poor relation, such a country cousin, that nothing can be said for its metaphysical concomitants? Isn't there a purely psychic gratification here too, one that escapes the movie cameras and electrocardiographs, but that words can hope to catch?

Where sex in D. H. Lawrence's works was passionate, heroic, mystical, even religious, in this book of Updike's it seems only an antidote to boredom and emptiness – a negative activity. *The Fox* and the famous rabbit scene in *Women in Love* dramatized the mystery of sexual magnetism. *Couples'* mysteries all too often center on how breasts will hang or spread, on whether a woman will be dry or wet, will "fellate" or not fellate.

For a brilliant example of the power and the glory that literature can bring to sex, I'd like to mention the love of Hans Castorp for Clavdia Chauchat in *The Magic Mountain.* Because Castorp is too bourgeois to approach the sophisticated and bohemian Chauchat, he sublimates by reading biology books. Through a lover's eyes he sees the whole panorama of evolution – from primordial virus to present-day man – as a mere preparation for the apocalyptic moment of his passion. When he tells Chauchat of his love, he describes it, in the terrible depth of his feeling, as a blending of the death instinct and the pleasure principle. In a virtual definition of love, a fusing of physiology and poetry, he pleads with her in textbook French to let him press his fevered lips to the femoral artery that throbs in the front of her thigh. To complete the metaphor, Chauchat gives him an X-ray photograph of herself as a souvenir of their night together.

Compared to this, *Couples* doesn't even scratch the surface. In fact, Updike doesn't seem to have tried to go below the surface. You might say that he stacked the odds against himself with the very choice of his protagonist, Piet Hanema. Love and sex are only as interesting as the people who embody them, and though Updike relentlessly force-feeds Piet's sensibility, beyond all belief, he remains a fornicator, not a lover. Not even a very interesting fornicator.

The reasons for this may reach beyond the author into the roots of Western culture. With very few exceptions, we have no grand celebrations of male eroticism – the only example that comes readily to mind, in fact, is Michelangelo. While female eroticism is fully celebrated in paintings, poetry and fiction, men have been largely condemned to the role of catalyst, to a tightlipped Hemingway terseness or to the clichés of conquest and genital competence. Perhaps Theodor Reik touched on one of the reasons for this when he said that most men are terrified of tenderness.

Significantly, the only really persuasive sexual scene in *Couples* is the one shared by Piet's wife Angela, whom he has callously sacrificed to expedience, and the disgusting and impotent dentist Freddy Thorne. Although Angela usually refuses her ever-ready husband's advances, with Freddy she is tender, deliciously seductive, quintessentially female. We may have here a clue to the nature of the problem: perhaps only the *failure* of sex leaves the author something he can sublimate into art; perhaps it has a soft appeal that remorseless success can never equal. To err is human.

Though *Couples* has ten married pairs to play with – suggesting endless permutations and combinations – they actually offer very little variety. A *soupçon* of sado-masochism, a hint of homosexuality, a smidgeon of frigidity, a rash of adultery, and that's about it. But even within these limits, it's difficult to believe in these characters. In presenting their wife-swapping without any qualifying comments, the author implies that they are typical, but you need only look around you –

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or listen – on any commuter train to doubt this.

The Updike who in his short stories showed himself to be a virtuoso of symbolism has here – in 458 pages – served us very meager fare, a banquet of leftovers. Atop the church in his town of Tarbox there is a weathervane, alternately referred to as bird or cock. These two bad puns attempt to impose a meaning on the book's random couplings. When the church, right on cue, goes up in flames, the couples all give up adultery and settle down to bridge and conformity. The bird or cock is brought down from the gutted (gutless) church – school children are given the day off to witness this – and re-erected on its successor, a modern poured-concrete building. Sex is brought low, tamed and taught in schools: sin is dead, to be replaced by the secularized fairweather bonhomie of the contemporary church.

After reading *Couples*, one almost feels that, tired of being called precious, Updike has tried to become one of the boys, to talk out of the side of his mouth and pour his rare wines into a paper cup. He shouldn't have. American fiction would be far better served if the boys were to join him.

A Wreath of Polysyllables

by Edmund White

A Mass For The Dead is a memoir that is both moving and badly written. William Gibson, the author of the Broadway hits *Two For The Seesaw* and *The Miracle Worker*, drily recites all the facts he could unearth about his parents – facts about the apartments they lived in, facts about their diseases, endless facts about their relatives, even the relatives they scarcely knew. The thoroughness perhaps results from Gibson's belated attempt to understand two people he failed to appreciate when he was growing up; as he admits, only when he himself became a father did he discover his debt to them and resolve to decorate their graves with "a wreath of words."

A Mass For The Dead
by William Gibson
(Atheneum; $7.95)

Unfortunately, he was so much at odds with his family during his years at home, he has few vivid memories to draw on. He has had to resort to scrapbooks and the recollections of his sister and other relatives, and these reports are sterile. Most families build up a lore about themselves full of cute anecdotes and lovable, "revealing" things that Grandma said, which reveal nothing except their desire to be like all other families, or at least like the archetypes created by the movies and television. Particularly in a family like Gibson's, intent on rising out of the slums of New York into the respectable world of the suburban housing development, there was little room in the picture album for snapshots of eccentricity. Sometimes an artist can penetrate the cliché and reach the underlying reality. Here the artist chose to ignore his own vision. Unlike Nabokov, who in *Speak, Memory* stays close to his own perceptions – those perverse, selective, sensuous but acutely felt perceptions of the child – Gibson gives an objective rendering as lifeless as the official biographies of famous men.

His parents were average people, and it is to Gibson's credit that he now has a compassionate feel for "the bliss of the commonplace." His father, a clerk in the mail department of a Wall Street bank, was an excellent amateur pianist, a friend in the neighborhood, a general host and a man so devoted to his wife that every morning on his way to work he would shout up to her from the street the code letters of his love, "I.L.Y." Mother, in turn, was a fanatic houskeeeper and a mindless chatterer who nevertheless faced her husband's death and the lonely years that followed with heroic strength.

Neither his mother nor father, according to Gibson, was the least bit intellectual. The father, who sight-read on the piano all the latest popular

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songs, regarded his son's records and classical scores as "all scales." He was unable to make sense of a poem his son wrote to him; both parents worried that their boy was reading too much. They frowned on his friendships with Jewish intellectuals and his plans to be a writer. The boy, contemptuous of his family's shallow views, barricaded himself in his room, flirted with communism and refused to hold a job.

In high school he met a young iconoclast who so fired his imagination that he would rush home to his mother "to bestow on her more of my polysyllabic disdain; when I once said to her coldly, 'Do you doubt the veracity of my statement?' it was hooted back at me for six months by everyone in the family. . . ." The reader can only wish that the hoots had been kept up a bit longer, for surely Gibson wins a prize for what Fowler in *The Dictionary of Modern English Usage* called polysyllabic, or pedantic humor. The habit of clothing common thoughts in abtruse language in order to produce a jocular effect has so thoroughly taken hold of him that scarcely a page of his book is unmarred by it. To choose one example at random, Gibson writes that when, as a teenager, he became at once an atheist and a fop, "my breach with parents in totemistic matters I made up for in sartorial."

Gibson's high tone isn't confined to his attempts at humor but invades even his most serious passages. Every paragraph smells of effort. Metaphors are generated so recklessly and mixed so easily that sentences frequently occur which are as dizzying as the following description of girls on a subway:

> "More punitive was the floating into a car of breathtaking naiads, a rare trip without ten or twelve, like mirages of water in a desert, and over my book I would furtively drink them in, young Tantalus among the fountains of breast and pools of knee, my modest dream being only to find one of them defunct and unclad in some abandoned lot where I might explore her mystery at leisure, and the sole problem in solid geometry I mastered in the subway was smuggling my erection out of it unobserved."

Gibson gets into deeper trouble when he borrows the dialect of inspirational, Kahil Gibran prose and fruity Welsh poetry. Then words and phrases like "purblind," "night and knock of limb," "misbegotten and damned," and at least a hundred appearances of those old standbys "bowels" and "loins" rise to haunt the reader with their struggles to seem once again gutsy and profound. Ordinary English words are relegated to apologetic quotation marks. Gibson apparently wants to deny all responsibility for expressions like "lot of style," "tailor-made," "corns," "good talk," and "weak stomach."

The scenes he does very beautifully are those on the deaths of his parents. Here he no longer relies on borrowed perceptions. He chooses to stick to the facts and the facts speak eloquently. Like most playwrights Gibson is at his best when he is presenting, without comment, a confrontation, in this case a confrontation with that most elusive, most difficult to imagine and impossible to remember fact of life – death. When his father was fatally ill with cancer, the family kept him from knowing the nature of his disease, assured him he was about to recover, and attended the sick bed in long vigils:

> "Daily I was in the mahogany rocker in his sickroom to keep him company, but the talk was a trickle. I would ask could I get him anything, he would say no; I was not in his focus, another of the liars, and I sat in a misery of silence with fifty years of him to ask into, too late, my begetter was dying with the riddle of our life untold; I would ask was he comfortable enough, he would say yes; bedridden, his head awry to the window like a plant to the thin sunlight, he lay with eyes large as a child's and blank, lost in whatever a dying man thinks, why me, and I was of the enemy who would outlive him, tonguetied with it, too craven to say a word that would confess the last of our differences and let us share it for an hour; I would ask did he want the radio on, he would say no."

As Gibson's mother begins to waste

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away she shops feverishly for a dress with ruffles that will fill out her emaciated chest. When she is too weak to give her right hand to the doctor, she says simply, "I'll give you the left hand, it's nearer the heart." During the ceremony of Extreme Unction she has trouble swallowing the communion wafer and the priest assures her that she needn't swallow it, the symbolic act is enough. But the old woman, literal-minded to the end, summons all her remaining energies, swallows the wafer whole and sighs, "I thank you, God, for everything."

The tact and refinement of feeling that distinguish these pages show what Gibson is capable of. They stand out like lonely islands in surrounding seas of pretentious prose.

The Biography of an Ally

by Allen Guttmann

Less momentous perhaps than Caesar's march across the Rubicon, the movements that signaled General Francisco Franco's rebellion were equally dramatic. At dawn on July 18, 1936, he broadcast from Radio Tenerife in the Canary Islands an appeal to all Spaniards to revolt against "the foreigners and foreign-oriented people who openly or deceitfully endeavor to destroy Spain." That afternoon, he took off from Las Palmas and flew by way of Agadir and Casablanca to Spanish Morocco, which his fellow officers had seized the night before. Franco had his English pilot swoop low over the field at Tetuán – to make sure that the rebels had control of the city. Recognizing a friend, he landed. The rest, as journalists like to put it, is history.

Franco
by Brian Crozier
(Little, Brown; $10)
Franco: The Man and His Nation
by George Hills
(Macmillan; $7.95)

Brian Crozier and George Hills, both sometime employees of the BBC, tell again the tragic story of the Spanish Civil War, but they are mainly concerned to provide the first fully documented biographies of the man whom all recognized as leader of the rebellion. While writing their separate studies, both interviewed the Generalissimo and his relatives, used papers hitherto inaccessible, and came, at length, to be rather sympathetic to Franco and his cause. Neither book is an apology for Franco. Neither will satisfy those of us who still believe that the Spanish Republic was more humane and hopeful than the regime that replaced it.

Although generally inferior to his rival biographer, Hills, who writes well throughout, is more valuable on Franco's early life. For one thing, he places Franco in his historical context, beginning with a description of the city of El Ferrol, where Franco was born, and the place of his family in that city.

> "For just over a century and a half its members were concerned exclusively with the administration of a particular naval base, within a walled city, on an extreme corner of the Iberian Peninsula."

Hills suggests, plausibly, that members of the family felt professionally and thus personally involved in the defeat at Trafalgar and the humiliations of 1898. Franco himself brooded over *"el desastre"* and developed a mystical sense of nationalism similar to that of Ernesto Giménez Caballero and the other intellectual leaders of Spanish fascism.

(At least once in his career, in 1940, Franco's nationalism took the form of art. He wrote the script of a film entitled *Raza* (The Race), in which he portrayed the history of Spain from 1898 to 1939. Hills quotes the Prologue: "You are going to live scenes in the life of a generation, unpublished episodes of the Spanish Crusade presided over by the nobility and spirituality which are characteristics of our race. . . ." The film centers on "a

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family of hidalgos" which is obviously Franco's own.)

In 1907, when Franco was fourteen years old, he went to the military academy in Toledo. Smaller and more delicate than the other boys, studious and introspective, with "unmistakably Semitic features," he won acceptance the hard way, taking punishment bravely. Whether or not he came to identify his own difficulties with Spain's is a speculation Hills does not indulge in.

Franco's career from graduation to the outbreak of the Civil War is of little interest. He tried to introduce modern tactics into the absurdly traditional army and, at the same time, risked his life at every opportunity, as Spanish tradition absurdly insisted he should. He seems to have been happiest when in command of Arab troops. His ability was extraordinary and his rise spectacular. At thirty-three, he was the youngest general in Europe. By the time the Republic was established, in 1931, dissidents within the army looked to him for leadership.

Crozier and Hills both attempt to justify Franco's role in 1936 and to defend his subsequent actions. They are not persuasive, but Crozier is on most counts the abler advocate. Let me comment first on Hills.

His superficial interpretation of Spanish society, from the early 19th century to the start of the war, is certainly not comparable to Gerald Brenan's analysis in *The Spanish Labyrinth*. To begin with, he deplores the excesses of anarchism with very little sense of what it was that drove men to acts of violence. Again, he is right to condemn the anticlericalism which distracted the Left from fundamental problems, like land reform, but fails to understand why the best men in Spain were often anticlerical. When he refers to the *Guardia de Asalto*, which the Republic recruited to supplement the untrustworthy *Guardia Civil*, as "storm troopers," he makes a silly translation and one with obvious connotations. Equally silly is his argument that a belief in dictatorship was the only essential difference between the *Falange Español* and Spanish socialism. In means, in ends, in social base, in organization, the two movements were opposed.

Hills goes on to lump socialists and communists together as if their ideals were identical, as if the two groups were of roughly equal importance in Spain. In fact, when the Popular Front won its electoral victory in February 1936, the communists were awarded, by prior agreement, only 16 of 226 seats in the Cortes, and this was in excess of their strength at the polls. The socialists were far stronger. To warn that their leader, Francisco Largo Caballero, contemplated "the fusion of the parent body with the communists" is simply to mislead. It was the revolt of the generals and the abandonment of the Republic by the Western democracies that made communism important in Spain, and forced the Republic into a dependence on the Soviet Union. And when the communists did become influential in Spain, in 1937, they had first to force Largo Caballero from office.

Quotation is probably the only way to demonstrate the pervasive tone of the book. Of the period between the

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Popular Front victory and the rebellion, Hills writes:

> "Azaña [the Republic's president] and his friends . . . might continue for a while theoretically in government, closing Catholic schools, attempting to keep factories open, putting the blame on non-Marxists for Marxist and Anarchist violence, and even in the end seeking ineffectually to protect private lives and properties; but they could govern only insofar as Largo Caballero (and the Anarchists) would allow."

This is a sorry substitute for historical analysis. The Republic was far from faultless, but this account of the period is much inferior to that of Gabriel Jackson in *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War.* (Pierre Broué and Emile Témime, whose *La Révolution et la Guerre d'Espagne* rivals Jackson's book, are not cited by the authors.)

Because Hills has had access to important men, he does add to our knowledge of the war itself. For instance, he is persuasive when he argues that German and Italian intervention was not absolutely necessary in the war's first stages. (In general, however, his account of the military aspects of the war is inferior to Crozier's, partly because the latter makes extensive use of Robert Colodny's *The Struggle for Madrid.*) And he is quite helpful when he discusses the political moves that led to Franco's assumption of supreme power, in October 1936. His analysis of the changes in Franco's rationale for the rebellion, from the 19th century liberalism of the first *pronunciamiento* to the fascism of subsequent speeches, is part of a larger thesis.

The thesis is that Franco's nationalism is of an intuitive kind that can be traced back to Roman times. It is prior to fascism, prior even to Catholicism, which Franco affirms out of expediency rather than deep conviction. This is a notion which appears from Hills' first pages, and it has much in its favor. There is not a doubt that Franco, once the Civil War had ended, was guided by his sense of national interest rather than by ideology. He supported his fascist allies in the early years of World War II, but never to

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the extent they wished, and he deserted them when he realized their cause was doomed. In the midst of the Civil War itself, he sent a special emissary through Republican lines to rescue a book, Machiavelli's *The Prince*, a copy annotated by Napoleon Bonaparte. The incident is symbolic.

Although the Falange has continued to be important domestically, Franco has long since indicated by his behavior that his own policies are conventionally authoritarian rather than fascist. In an effort to ingratiate himself with the democracies, he has adopted their rhetoric, but the evidences of dictatorship are too obvious to fool any but those who want to be fooled. Hills cannot be counted among the fools, but his summary of these matters is ridiculous:

> "Franco's régime was oppressive, with its secret police, its trials by courts martial, its censorship of the printed word, its privileged classes, and other denials of the rights and freedoms of the individual; but all these had been characteristic also of monarchist days and more so of the Republican period."

A specific example of superficiality is in order. Of the regime's Labor Charter (1938), Hills writes that it was "worthy of any enlightened British Labour leader." The charter gave the Falangists a monopoly of labor organization and turned over to them the assets of the socialist and anarchist unions. The unions (called syndicats) are government run and strikes are, of course, illegal (or were until recently). Further along in his book, Hills acknowledges that the charter was imperfect but holds to his opinion that it was worthy of a Labourite. He does not quote Franco's official newsletter, *Noticiero de España*, which correctly compared the charter to those of Germany, Italy, Austria, and Portugal.

Although Crozier's perspectives and conclusions are similar, his discussion of the Republic, the Civil War, and the present regime is much more balanced. There are moments when he loses control, as when he refers to the Republic as a "Left-totalitarian polity," but his book is still the best defense of General Franco that I have read. His portraits of the Republican leaders are sharper and truer to Spanish history, at least as I understand it. Except for an unsympathetic account of Largo Caballero, the men around Azaña are credited with good intentions. Crozier sees tragedy instead of villainy. His preference for Franco is based, quite simply, on a very high regard for political stability and on a readiness to condone the injustices that many socialists and anarchists found intolerable. Like Hills, he admits that Franco's Spain is repressive and authoritarian, but unlike him he is ready to acknowledge that Gabriel Jackson is probably right in his estimate that the Franco regime executed 200,000 men in the aftermath of the Civil War. Nonetheless, Crozier concludes:

> ". . . The Second Republic, for all the hopes it aroused initially in the minds of intellectual democrats and the breasts of the untutored, was a time of disorder and increasing violence, culminating in civil war. It will be remembered not as a brave experiment but as a dreadful failure. In comparison, and for all its undeniable defects, Franco's regime will stand recorded as the longest period of peace, stability, and progress in modern Spanish history."

Franco emerges from this study as the greatest Spanish statesman of the last 150 years.

Like Hills, Crozier is anxiously repetitive about the fact that Franco was never really a convinced fascist. They are correct to maintain that Franco used fascist doctrines opportunistically, but it made little difference to the men who died in Spanish prisons whether or not he was sincere. Discussing the creation in 1937 of the *Falange Española Tradicionalista y de las Juntas Ofensivas Nacional-Sindicalistas*, Crozier argues that the regime's forced merger of Carlists, fascists, *Alphonsistas*, and others "condemned Spanish fascism to slow death by strangulation." The metaphor is instructive. Fascism dies a slow death, and we all applaud. When we reflect on the number of *men* who died in the Civil War and in the persecutions that

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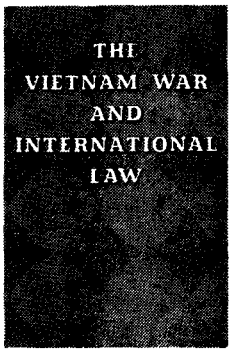

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followed, we wonder if there wasn't some less bloody way to have eliminated Spanish fascism.

Still anxious to distance Franco from the true believers in fascism, Crozier and Hills both note that his brother-in-law, Ramón Serrano Suñer, was undoubtedly more enthusiastically pro-fascist than Franco himself. True, but Serrano Suñer is notable in Spanish history only because Franco is his brother-in-law. It may be necessary, in 1968, to coexist with dictators. It isn't necessary to pretend that Franco's dictatorship is preferable to the imperfect democracy it brutally destroyed.

Galbraith's Butterfly

by Robert Brown

Mr. Galbraith prefixes an "Explanation" to his book which reads, in part:

> "This is a story I have tried to tell before in articles and lectures. But it has occurred to me that maybe there are truths that best emerge from fiction. I did hesitate to describe this small fable as a novel; there is, as the reader will discover, too much attempted instruction by the author."

This is sufficiently shrewd and might disarm criticism altogether if it meant anything. Why break his butterfly on the wheel of analysis? Mr. Galbraith has written an entertaining little narrative and modestly hopes that it may instruct as well as delight. So, in some measure, it does, even though as a work of imaginative literature the book simply doesn't exist. It is a series of jokes about the State Department.

The Triumph
by John Kenneth Galbraith
(Houghton Mifflin; $4.95)

But Mr. Galbraith is too interesting a person, too centrally located in the currents of our time, to let it go at that, and his note raises more questions than it answers. What, in particular, is the special kind of truth that is to emerge from the fable? That all men, saving the author, are blockheads? This will seem to many readers an inescapable conclusion, but why couldn't they have been told so directly? Humility? All trace of this disappears with the foreword: once into the book itself we are confronted with as sustained an exercise in derision as we are likely to meet soon again.

The Triumph describes the overthrow of a particularly oppressive military dictatorship in Puerto Santos, a small South American country. It is all comic opera stuff in spite of the tyranny; imagine Sid Caesar, in his great days, playing Peron or Trujillo. President Martínez, a drunken lecher who has been sucking the country dry for thirty years, suddenly flees. Into power comes José Miro, a good man who wants only to restore to his countrymen such elementary decencies of modern life as justice and literacy and to return to them the land stolen by Martínez, which is to say all the valuable property there is. Martínez had been supported by large grants of money and arms from the United States. He was, after all, a "bulwark" against communism, much admired by the idiot American ambassador, a man named Pethwick.

Now Miro cannot govern unless Washington recognizes and supports his regime as it did his predecessor's. But this it will not do without absolute guarantees that he is not a communist, nor a fellow-traveler, nor soft on or blind to communism, and so forth. In the nature of things such assurance cannot be given in advance, so Washington, in its ignorance and fear, decides to "wait and see." Miro, who is not a communist, falls. The final irony lies in the restoration, with Washington's blessing, of Martínez' son, who *is* a communist and immediately institutes all sorts of five-year plans and other socialist schemes all of which, he explains to Pethwick, he learned about while studying in the great universities of America.

The "truth" that is to emerge from this sad train of events is to be found

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not in Puerto Santos, however, but in Washington, where most of the book takes place. What Galbraith is concerned to demonstrate is the system of interlocking stupidity in which, he believes, the makers of foreign policy are hopelessly imprisoned. The elements of the system, all of which are described with aloof and donnish scorn, include the following: all newspapers and newspapermen, especially columnists; news magazines, especially *Time* and *Newsweek*; the television networks; the Senate and the House, especially members from the South and the Midwest, the State Department *in toto*, private foreign associations and all teachers and professors.

Are there no good men? A few, but they are either too far down the ladder to be effective, or too far up (the President, the Secretary of Defense) and too busy with other affairs. And so the field is left to Dr. Grant Worthing Campbell, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, US Coordinator, Alliance for Progress, and the central personage of *The Triumph*. Although more care is given to the creation of this character than any other he cannot be said to reveal much vital complexity. Campbell prides himself on his hardheaded understanding of the menace of international communism and is a marvelously adroit bureaucrat; he understands the fuzzy liberal thinking which infects and threatens the system, and is on constant guard. Determined to prevent the recognition of Miro, he conducts a masterly and successful campaign, his weapons being the manipulated committee meeting, the ambiguous phrase, a sensitivity to the fears and pretensions of others and a generally deep understanding of how the game is played. Mr. Galbraith is very good at showing this – it is the book's chief virtue. When, under the younger Martínez, Puerto Santos does go communist, Campbell is both promoted and vindicated. He had suspected a communist menace all along and now it has been shown to exist. The hapless Pethwick is recalled and made ambassador to Ireland, for to fire or demote him would be an admission by the Department that it was capable of error.

It is all quite devastating but, in spite of the author's detailed knowledge of the scene, somewhat tedious and not altogether convincing. Not that one would care to argue at any given point; surely just such fools as Campbell and Pethwick exist, possibly in great numbers. And that a mindless fear of communism has been at the root of many of our troubles is not even news. All this, and more, may be granted. What works against any "emergent truth" and, finally, against one's enjoyment of this clever book is the tone in which the enterprise is conducted. It is all loftily condescending and relentlessly witty in the manner of a man who has been told too often how sharp and amusing he is, and who now, his reputation at stake, cannot permit himself a simple declarative sentence that does not embody at least one wisecrack. Some of these are funny, some are not. But as, Dr. Johnson warned us, too much confidence in one's own superior capacities will in the end "make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Notes on Contributors

Kenneth Boulding *is professor of economics at the University of Colorado.* Anatole Broyard *has published fiction and criticism in numerous journals.* Edmund White *has just completed a novel,* The Beautiful Room Is Empty. Allen Guttmann *teaches history at Amherst.* Robert Brown *is the fiction editor of* Esquire.

A COMMUNICATION

The Pill

Your recent birth-control article by Morton Mintz ("The Golden Pill," *The New Republic*, March 2, 1968) intrigued both myself and my fiancée I am only a sociologist, not a medical doctor (Mintz is neither), but I immediately perceived major gaps in the article's logical structure and statistical underpinning.

He presents only one documented charge, the May, 1967, findings of the British Medical Research Council, that use of oral contraceptives increases the rate of some types of thromboembolic disorders. According to Mintz, three women in 100,000 would die from these disorders each year, although he is not clear whether this is the total rate or the increase resulting from contraceptive usage. In any event, the rate, although not trivial, is so low that rather sophisticated statistical techniques are required to prove the existence of the relationship. And as Mintz admits, a strong counter-argument can be made: since some women die in childbirth, it can correctly be maintained that the pill *saves* some lives by preventing some pregnancies.

Mintz devotes much of his article to rebutting this argument. He claims that it is based on an "unfair comparison – between women who are generally healthy (those using The Pill [*sic.*]) and women who in large proportion have previously existing poor health which contributes to their maternal mortality." Here he is not conforming to even minimal standards of honesty, for as he knows, the comparison is not between those who use the pill and those who die in childbirth (*all* of whose lives would have been saved by the pill), but between the population of pill-takers and the entire population of mothers. And no one could claim that mothers are more likely than non-mothers to be in poor health. In fact, quite the opposite is true: women in chronic ill health are less likely than normals to marry and still less likely to become pregnant. Indeed, many potential mothers are warned away from the undertaking by their physicians because they cannot safely endure another pregnancy. Thus the population of all mothers is certain to be more healthy than the population of all users of oral contraceptives.

Having constructed a flagrantly false

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cavil, Mintz proceeds to attack the childbirth mortality argument more directly. He opens by repeating a British Research Council statistic showing 12 maternal deaths per 100,000 completed pregnancies. This British rate is a strange figure to cite in an article directed toward American readers. The American rate, available in any library in the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, and even reprinted in most almanacs, is far higher: in 1961, for example, it was 36.9 per 100,000 live births. This discrepancy directly undermines Mintz's conclusion, as will become apparent.

Next Mintz attempts to disprove statistically the claim that the pill saves more lives than it endangers. "For the sake of simplicity," he writes, "assume there are 10,000,000 women who reliably will use the diaphragm or foam. Over the course of a year, the number who will become pregnant will be 250,000 or about 2.5 percent. . . ." But this assumption begs the question. Doctors and even teenagers know that such methods as diaphragms or foam are usually *not* reliably used, because due to their very nature they must usually be remembered and repetitively elected at precisely those moments when calculated thinking is least likely to transpire. This is the reason they have been disregarded in most birth-control projects in foreign countries as well as within the United States. They are unreliable precisely because their "reliable use" *cannot* be assumed. Mintz's rate of 2.5 percent should probably be at least doubled.

Assuming, then, 500,000 pregnancies in our population of 10,000,000 mothers (still far below the more than 2,000,000 births which would result from such a group in the absence of birth-control measures), and applying the United States rate of maternal deaths per 100,000 live births, we predict 185 deaths of mothers each year. Mintz, with his distorted figures, predicted only 30.

But unfortunately, even our calculation of 185 is far too low. It is based only on the maternal death rate per 100,000 *live births*, but there would be about 8,050 fetal deaths each year among our population of 10,000,000 possible mothers. This figure again comes from the *Statistical Abstract*, which notes 16 fetal deaths per 1,000 live births in 1961. In addition, there would be approximately 9,300 neonatal deaths – deaths of the infant within his first four weeks of existence. Some would assert that this total of 17,350 deaths, which would be saved by "reliable" (Mr. Mintz's term, after all) use of the pill, should also be chalked up on its side of the humanitarian calculus. But in any event, limiting our calculus to the mothers alone, we note that these extraordinarily difficult, indeed fatal, pregnancies undoubtedly involve a far higher proportion of maternal mortality than do successful pregnancies. Assuming one in 100 proves fatal for the mother as well as for her infant, we must add 25 mothers to our calculation.

Our entire enterprise is assuming a rather grisly character, but since Mr. Mintz presented his calculus in order to dissuade women from using oral contraceptives, it is incumbent upon me to correct his errors. We must now add an unestimatable sum for those women who die in miscarriages before their fifth month and are therefore not counted in the population of mothers at all. This sum is indeterminate because no accurate figures are available to me on the number of miscarriages annually nor on the maternal mortality rate involved.

It is even harder to calculate the number of abortions and of maternal deaths in abortion since almost by definition this topic is a secret one and official statistics are grossly underinflated. Guesses by social scientists range from 100,000 to 1,000,000 abortions each year in America. There is no way of guessing whether the rumors of the dangers of abortions are inflated, but it is likely that a number of mothers died under the procedure. If the rate of death is one per 1000, which is not unlikely, then we must count another 100 victims in our population.

Finally, we know from the *Abstract* that about 900 suicides can be expected from our population each year, again no doubt an underenumeration. I cannot guess how many of these might be ascribed to an unwanted pregnancy, but under Mintz's assumptions, suicide might be a likely way out. If 10 percent can be traced to this cause, then another 90 mothers have perished who might have been saved.

Our figures sum as follows:

185 (maternal deaths in live births)
25 (estimated maternal deaths in cases of fetal and neonatal deaths)
— (indeterminate number of deaths related to miscarriages)
190 (deaths in abortion or due to suicides ascribable to unwanted pregnancies.)
---
400 (total maternal deaths per year in a population of 10,000,000 women using diaphragms or foam, estimated).

This total does not include, of course, the 9,300 fetal and neonatal deaths nor the estimated 100,000 deaths of fetuses who were aborted.

Compared to Mintz's calculation of 300 deaths per 10,000,000 women using the pill, we can see that the pill is indeed a life-*saver*, not destroyer, on balance.

Mintz recognizes that his statistical argument is not strong, for he moves on to bolster it in two directions. First, he intimates that the British rate for pill-induced thromboembolism may be an underestimation. Second, he indulges in free-swinging assertions about other dangers associated with the pill and its use.

His underestimation assertion is based on the difference between retrospective and prospective research. He notes that Dr. Arthur Ruskin has pointed out that prospective studies of Parnate, an anti-depressant, uncovered far more cases of hypertension than "originally suspected" (his quote). Listen now to his "careful" presentation of the relevance of this finding:

"The precise application of this ex-

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perience to The Pill [*sic.*] is speculative, but there can be no doubt that well-controlled prospective studies would unearth many more thromboembolic episodes than the retrospective studies."

In other words, the answer is not known, but Mintz knows what it must be! But in reality, there are possible distortions in both kinds of research, and the rate of incidence detected by a prospective study might be far lower than the retrospective indication; indeed, prospective research might eliminate the slight observed relationship. For example, it might be that another variable, even another drug, predated the thromboembolic disorder; by asking the patient who has contracted the ailment whether she has taken oral contraceptives, this potential cause is singled out for special attention. This difficulty is eliminated in prospective research, in which all differences between the two groups are controlled, save the one under investigation.

Mintz then goes on to imply that pill-takers may be in for depression, diabetes, jaundice, brown facial skin pigmentation (freckles?), sterility, and even cancer. But listen to his language, for he cannot assert any of these things, but only imply them by innuendo. The depression claim comes from a study of 118 women, although he elsewhere lambasts a study with positive conclusions for being based on the "incredibly small total of 132 women." "Almost one in 10 suffered symptoms of depression which *in some cases* was so severe as to call for psychiatric treatment." The italics are mine, the sloppiness his. Of course, the relevant points are that the incidence of depression in a control group may be as high as this or higher, depending on how it is defined. Furthermore, if this or other minor side effects, such as weight gain or nausea, arise, then the pill can be discontinued without permanent disability.

"There are reports of women who have become sterile after using oral contraceptives," Mintz writes. So what? There are reports of women who have become sterile after eating Rice Krispies. No doubt there are reports of women who have given birth to tadpoles after using oral contraceptives. The task of a journalist is to evaluate such "reports" and suppress those which are undocumentable. Mintz does not back up these "reports;" he cannot; "there is no medical evidence whatsoever to support these fears" (Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation pamphlet); he invokes them only because they happen to be on his "side."

Finally, "one question of utmost importance is whether The Pill causes cancer or prevents it, promotes a pre-existing cancer or retards it." Here even Mintz hesitates to use innuendo and does not say that "there are reports . . . " Medical evidence so far indicates that the pill has no discernible effect on cancer. Neither have most other drugs, which is one reason why cancer is far from cured or controllable and why treatment usually is physical rather than chemical. But by raising the issue, Mintz has accomplished his purpose, which is to raise the Great Fear.

It may be, as Mintz has demonstrated at his fullest extent, that "no drug is perfectly safe." The point of the pill, however, is not that one takes it or fails to because of its overall good or bad effects on the body. Those effects have been proved to be extremely minor, perhaps undetectable, in either direction. One takes the pill, of course, to control birth. In that context, once it has been proved reasonably safe, or even unreasonably safe, as the birth-control pill has, then the negative uncertainties which remain must be balanced against the negatively-evaluated possibilities which taking the pill precludes. In my own case, I write you because my own relationship with a girl, a very serious relationship but not yet a marital one, was upset, physically but most of all emotionally, by Mintz's article. Since the article was incompetent, our grief was unnecessary. That is my interest in writing this letter. You can determine for yourself the extent to which it may have warped my arguments.

But Mr. Mintz's arguments are not merely warped. They are at times directly fallacious. I wonder what *his* special interest was in constructing them.

James Lyons
Cambridge, Mass.

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Correspondence

"The Graduate"

Sirs:

As the author of the novel, *The Graduate*, it has been extremely rewarding and gratifying to me to have had a film made of the book, and have the film so well received. Up till now I've made no criticisms of the film, either public or private. I would like to make one now, however, partially in response to the film itself and partially in response to two reviews of the film which Stanley Kauffmann wrote for *The New Republic*.

In a December 23 review he emphasizes the film's "moral stance." After considering the matter with care, I would have to say that my one greatest objection to the film is that it fails to take a moral stance.

In a February 10 review of the film, Mr. Kauffmann makes the point that the ending is proof of the picture's genuine depth. However, it is in the ending that the moral vacillation on the part of the film makers is, to me, most obvious. In the book the hero arrives at the church in time to rescue the girl before she's married. In the movie the hero arrives at the church after the vows have been spoken and drags her off anyway.

Benjamin Braddock, the hero, is a highly moral person as he is portrayed in the book. In the early portions he evinces a cynicism and defeatism which are clearly a reflection of the society he finds himself in. In the second half of the book he overcomes these feelings of self-defeat, or at least begins to. As a moral person he does not disrespect the institution of marriage. In the book the strength of the climax is that his moral attitudes make it necessary for him to reach the girl before she becomes the wife of somebody else, which he does. In the film version it makes no difference whether he gets there in time or not. As such, there is little difference between his relationship to Mrs. Robinson and his relationship to Elaine, both of them being essentially immoral.

Charles Webb
So. Pasadena, Calif.

In reply . . .

My first reaction to this letter was that it was written by Elaine May. But it comes from the same address, with the same signature, as an earlier letter from Mr. Webb after my first review, asking me to read his novel. I did so, and that was part of the reason for my second review.

Some authors are desecrated by film adaptation; some are lucky and don't always know it. In my second article I said that I thought Mike Nichols and his writers had sensed the novel's weaknesses and had tried to compensate for them. One such weakness was Mr. Webb's device by which Benjamin learns the place of Elaine's wedding, enabling him to get there in time to stop the ceremony. Nichols evidently felt the device was pat, the timing much too opportune, and the avoidance of difficulty (for the lovers) inconsistent with such moral confrontation as the film attempts. Nichols' solution is imperfect, but at least it avoids the destructive cliché of having Benjamin get there Just in Time. Equally important, Benjamin's desperation and Elaine's compassion are both heightened by the fact that the ceremony is over. And it is their feelings – not the question of the ceremony as such – that I said give that last scene its depth.

I still don't understand how the author of this novel, even though possibly upset at having been brushed off in all the furor about the film, can equate morality with marriage-licenses so absolutely. "There is little difference between his relationship to Mrs. Robinson and his relationship to Elaine, both of them being essentially immoral." . . . No, really, *is* it Elaine May?

Stanley Kauffmann

"MACE in the Face"

Sirs:

Roger Rapoport's article "MACE in the Face," in your April 13 issue, suggests that Col. Applegate's commission of five percent on sales of the chemical MACE indicates a total quarterly sales volume of $3.4 million. $17,000 is five percent of $340,000 and not $3.4 million. Prorated on an annual basis total sales become $1,360,000 and not $13.6 million.

Edwin Dulchin
New York, N.Y.

In reply . . .

I did make an arithmetical error. Mr. Dulchin is correct. Sorry.

Roger Rapoport

Space Travel

Sirs:

I don't know who the Michael Parkinson is who has taken the name and authority of the Department of Physics at Syracuse University for his assertion in these columns last week that it is "almost too kind" to say "that the physics in Halle's article ("Exploring Space," April 6) is just wrong." He feels no need to substantiate this except by citing, "for example," a basic principle that I myself cited as such in the article. If only by implication, he takes me to

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task for not reading the literature or consulting scientists. I have done both. If he will do the same, he will find how far authority is from speaking with one voice on the meaning of relativity. I recommend to him, and any others who are interested, (1) G. Burniston Browns's *What is Wrong with Relativity* in the issue for March, 1967, of the *Bulletin of the Institute of Physics and the Physical Society;* and (2) the three disparate chapters on *Time in Relativity Theory* by Olivier Costa de Beauregard, Milic Capek, and Herbert Dingle in *The Voices of Time,* edited by J. T. Fraser, Braziller, New York, 1966.

Louis J. Halle
Geneva, Switzerland

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

fects, so impatient to get to them, that he seems to have cared very little about what his actors said and did. There are only 43 minutes of dialogue in this long film, which wouldn't matter in itself except that those 43 minutes are pretty thoroughly banal.

He contrives some startling effects. For instance, on the Jupiter trip, one of the astronauts (Keir Dullea) returns to the ship from a small auxiliary capsule used for making exterior repairs on the craft. He doesn't have his helmet with him and has to blow himself in through an airlock. (A scene suggested by another Clarke story, *Take A Deep Breath.*) Kubrick doesn't cut away: he blows Dullea right at the camera. The detail work throughout is painstaking. For instance, we frequently see the astronauts at their controls reading an instrument panel that contains about a dozen small screens. On each of those screens flows a series of equations, diagrams, and signals. I suppose that each of those smaller screens needed a separate roll of film, projected from behind. Multiply the number of small instrument-panel screens by the number of scenes in which we see instrument panels, and you get the number of small films of mathematical symbols that had to be prepared. And that is only one incidental part of the mechanical fireworks.

But all for what? To make a film that is so dull, it even dulls our interest in the technical ingenuity for the sake of which Kubrick has allowed it to become dull. He is so infatuated with technology – of film and of the future – that it has numbed his formerly keen feeling for attention-span. The first few moments that we watch an astronaut jogging around the capsule for exercise – really *around* the tubular interior, up one side, across the top, and down the other side to the floor – it's amusing. An earlier Kubrick would have stopped while it was still amusing. The same is true of an episode with the repair capsule, which could easily have been condensed – and which is subsequently repeated without even much condensation of the first episode. High marks for Kubrick the special-effects man; but where was Kubrick the director?

His film has one special effect which certainly he did not intend. He has clarified for me why I dislike the idea of space exploration. A few weeks ago Louis J. Halle wrote in this journal that he favors space exploration because:

> "Life, as we know it within the terms of our earthly prison, makes no ultimate sense that we can discover; but I cannot, myself, escape the conviction that, in terms of a larger knowledge than is accessible to us today, it does make such sense."

I disbelieve in this sophomoric definition of "sense," but anyway Halle's argument disproves itself. Man's knowledge of his world has been increasing, but life has, in Halle's terms, made less and less sense. Why should further expansion of physical knowledge make life more sensible? Still it is not on philosophic ground that I dislike space exploration, nor even on the valid practical ground that the money and the skills are more urgently needed on earth. (I was delighted to read recently that US space appropriations are diminishing and that there seems to be no further space program after we land men on the moon, if we do, in a year or so.) Kubrick dramatizes a more physical and personal objection for me.

Space, as he shows us, is thrillingly immense, but, as he also shows us, men out there are imprisoned, have *less* space than on earth. The largest expanse in which men can look and live like men is his spaceport, which is rather like spending many billions and many years so that we can travel millions of miles to a celestial Kennedy Airport. Everywhere outside the spaceport, men are constricted and dehumanized. They cannot move without cumbersome suits and helmets. They have to hibernate in glass coffins. The food they eat is processed into sanitized swill. Admittedly the interior of Kubrick's spaceship is not greatly different from that of a jetliner, but at least planes go from one human environment to another. No argument that I have read for the existence of life elsewhere has maintained that other planets would be suitable for men. Imagine zooming millions of miles – all those tiresome enclosed days, even weeks – in order to live inside a space suit.

Kubrick makes the paradox graphic. Space only *seems* large. For human beings, it is confining. That is why, despite the size of the starry firmament, the idea of space travel gives me claustrophobia.

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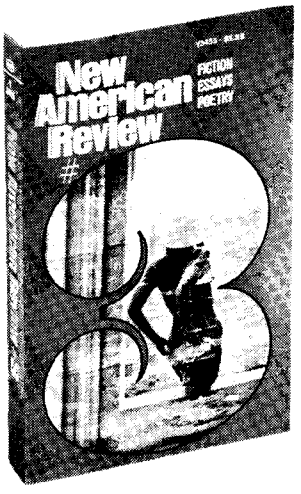

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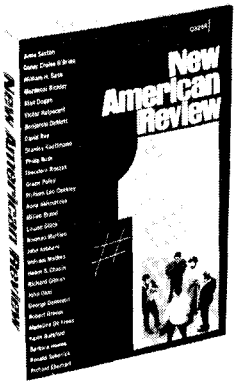

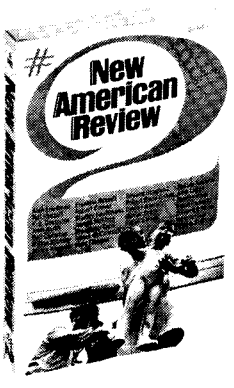

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